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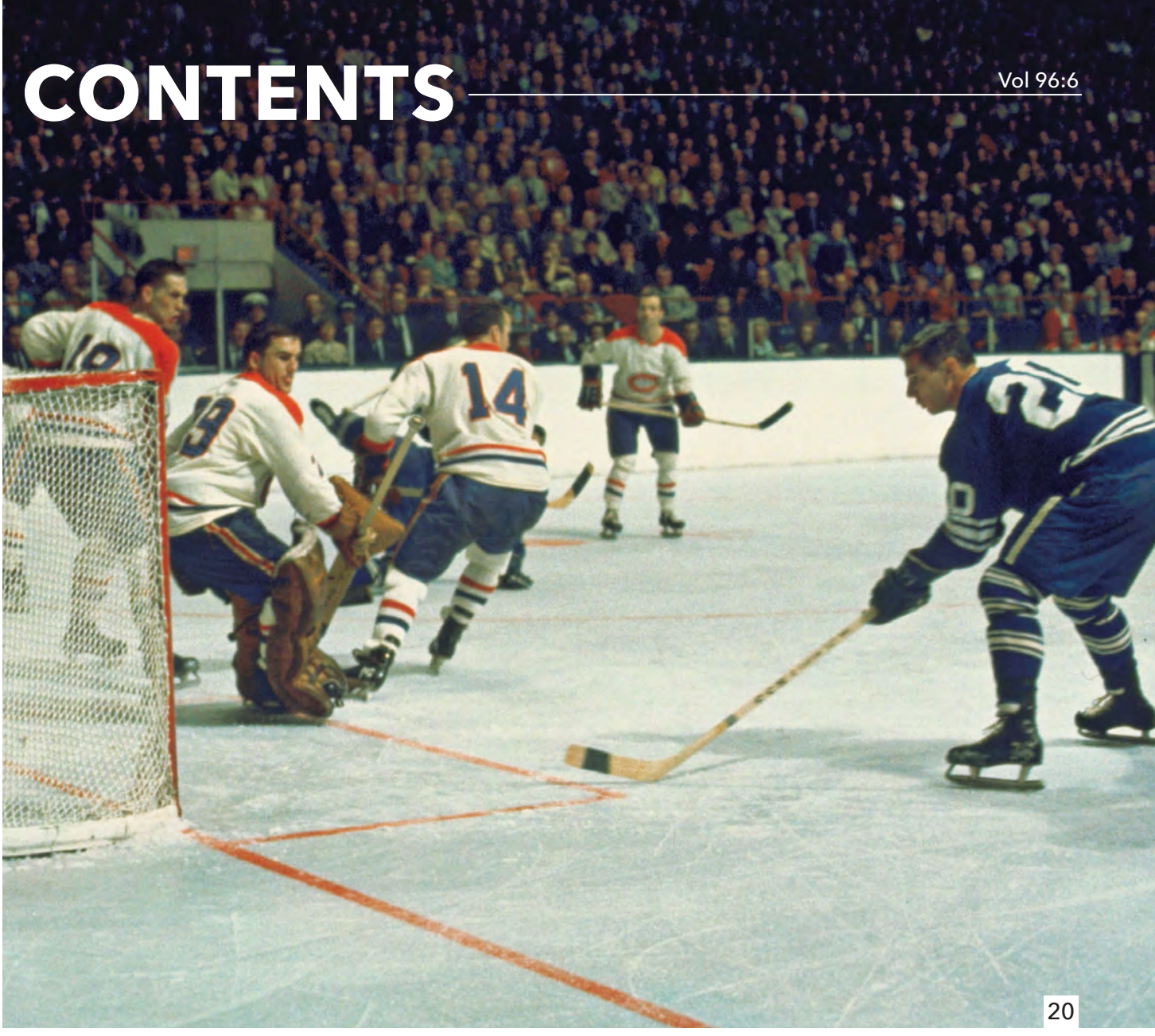

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William Scouse and his three companions discovered a fortune in the Klondike. Now a new treasure – Scouse's diary – has come to light. *by Forrest D. Pass.*

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The early explorers dreaded the long winters of New France. But for the people who came to stay, winter evolved into a time of celebration, and even good health. *by Mairi Cowan.*

On the cover

A handmade replica of the goalie mask worn in 1974 by Hall of Fame goaltender Jacques Plante. The mask was created by Marc Poulin of Montreal. For a chance to win this mask, go to CanadasHistory.ca/NHL@100.

HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

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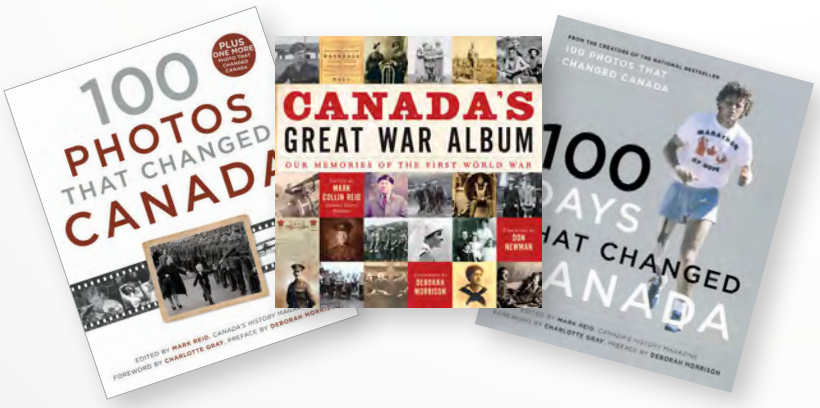

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Associate Editor
Phil Koch

Advertising Account Manager
Jillian Thorp-Shepherd
ads@CanadasHistory.ca

Education & Outreach Coordinator
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Graphic Designer
Andrew Workman

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Frozen in time

My hometown didn't have a hockey rink. And so I learned to play Canada's game on my grandparents' pond.

Granny and Grandpa lived in a century-old farmhouse in rural Nova Scotia. The pond was located behind the house, sheltered by an apple orchard and a copse of birch, alder, and spruce.

After my barn chores were finished, I'd lace up my hand-me-down skates and then hit the ice. Usually, I'd pretend to be my idol, Guy "The Flower" Lafleur, the Montreal Canadiens sniper. Growing up in the Maritimes, most people cheered for either the Habs, the Toronto Maple Leafs, or even the Boston Bruins, a vestige of the region's historic ties to New England.

With the moon and stars lighting the ice, I'd deke and weave among the cattails that poked up through the frozen pond — taking care not to fall into the hole my father had chopped in the ice earlier in the day so that our cows could be watered.

I'd rifle slapshots at the makeshift net I had created out of my toque and mittens, imagining that each shot was the goal that captured the Stanely Cup. (Without boards, though, the puck would usually careen out of the pond and fly into a nearby snowbank.)

Dreaming of making the National Hockey League has long been a rite of passage for many young Canadians. And, for a select few, it was a dream come true.

The first NHL game was played in 1917, and yes, much has changed since then. Hockey is a big business today, with ballooning budgets fuelled by television rights and merchandise sales.

But some things never change: Each generation creates its own heroes, from the pioneers of the sport, like "Babe" Dye and "Punch" Broadbent, to golden age stars like Maurice "Rocket" Richard and Gordie "Mr. Hockey" Howe, to Wayne "The Great One" Gretzky and beyond. It continues today: My nephew — himself a great little player — sleeps each night beneath a Sidney Crosby poster that's pinned above his bed.

In this issue, we kick off the centennial year of the NHL with a package of stories that recalls some of the greatest games ever played, and we name the greatest player ever for each of the seven Canadian NHL teams.

Elsewhere, in this issue, we explore what winter was like in New France, and relive the heady days of the Klondike gold rush.

We hope you enjoy this skate through the past, and also that you take the opportunity to lace up and hit a rink — or pond — near you this winter.

Mark Reid

CONTRIBUTORS

Eric Duhatschek, Red Fisher, Dave Komosky, Iain MacIntyre, Frank Orr, Wayne Scanlan, Dave Stubbs, and Patti Dawn Swansson contributed to "The Greatest Game," a feature that highlights memorable stories of Canada's current NHL teams – the Montreal Canadiens, Ottawa Senators, Toronto Maple Leafs, Winnipeg Jets, Edmonton Oilers, Calgary Flames, and Vancouver Canucks – as well as Team Canada 1972. All of the authors are veteran sportswriters. Each of them was asked to write about the greatest game they've ever covered.

Forrest D. Pass is a historian at the Canadian Museum of History. His article "Unearthing Eldorado" stems from a lifelong fascination with gold rushes. His historical writing has appeared in a variety of periodicals in Canada and overseas, including *British Columbia History*, *Le Chaînon*, and the *Canadian Historical Review*.

Mairi Cowan wrote "Season of Good Cheer" about winter in New France. She is an associate professor in the Department of Historical Studies at the University of Toronto. Her research interests focus on the late medieval and early modern time periods, especially in Scotland and in New France. Her current project investigates a case of suspected demonic possession in Quebec during the 1660s.

Bryan Demchinsky and Sterling Demchinsky are brothers who grew up in northern Saskatchewan. They wrote about Ukrainian cemeteries in "Prairie Icons." Bryan (top) is a Montreal writer and editor. Sterling is an independent researcher and co-chair of the Heritage Committee of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church of Canada.

PHOTO TOP LEFT: ANDREW WORKMAN

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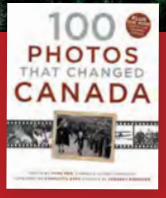

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CANADA'S HISTORY

PHOTO: MATTHEW WHEELER

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Laissez-faire Laurier

I very much enjoyed "Laurier's Sunny Ways" [October-November 2016] and was particularly intrigued by the question "Which of his speeches or statements stand out for you?" and by the answers.

For me, my favourite is a little-known quote from Laurier after he was defeated in the 1911 reciprocity election. He spoke with eloquence and grace and said, "Need I remind the House once more that when Sir John Macdonald advised the Canadian people to adopt towards the United States a policy of high tariff, it was with a view to have a commercial convention such as was negotiated last year with the American Republic?" (Laurier's Reciprocity Agreement was accepted by the U.S. Congress but rejected by Parliament after his election defeat.)

It took us seventy-seven more years to get such a convention in 1988 with the Canada-United States Free Trade Agreement. Let us pray we do not lose it.

Joe Martin, Director of Canadian Business History
Rotman School of Management
Toronto

Missing from the record

Regarding the reference to artist John White being on Martin Frobisher's 1577 voyage ["Bows & Arrows," October-November 2016]: A complete list of the ship's company for Frobisher's second northwest voyage is given in *Archeology of the Frobisher Voyages* [1993], but John White's name does not appear. The image was possibly made as a sketch by one of the company and recopied by White back in England. A small error, but let's give credit where credit is due.

Donald D. Hogarth
Ottawa

Editor's note: The matter is debatable. P.H. Hulton, the assistant keeper of prints and drawings at the British Museum in London, states in the Dictionary of Canadian Biography*: "Though his name does not appear in the documents there is strong presumptive evidence that [John White] sailed with Frobisher to South Baffin Island on his second voyage in 1577. This is supplied by a pen and watercolour drawing of a fight between Eskimos and Englishmen…. The scene depicted is so authentic in detail that it may be presumed that White himself was an eyewitness."*

Questionable guests

The dramatic cover of your August-September "The Dirty Thirties" issue caught my eye, since it was a scene familiar to me as a youngster on the Prairies during those terrible years of the Great Depression. My father was a United Church minister in Arden, Manitoba. We witnessed crowds of men riding the rails, and we frequently had men staying with us.

On one occasion, two of these men claimed to have been incarcerated in every jail in the United States except Sing Sing! Dad was a bit concerned about our safety but took them in anyway. The men happily took over an upstairs bedroom, while Dad patrolled the hall all night.

The visitors went away in the morning, well-fed and possibly chortling over the gullible clergyman who had taken them in. Dad was far from naive, but he simply could not turn away someone in such dire straits.

Katheryn (MacLean) Broughton
Thornhill, Ontario

Defending residential schools

I have just finished reading "Facing the Past: Residential schools naming project seeks to identify former students depicted in photographs" [Currents, August-September 2016].

It is incorrect to say that the photographs the staff took belonged to the children. I purchased my own camera and film, paid to have photos processed, and am the owner and the copyright artist.

The children who went to residential schools are not survivors. They are former students, and they were lovely children. In the four and a half years I worked in the schools, I witnessed one fight. My book, *The Teaching Wigwams*, tells the true story of the residential schools.

Bernice Mason Logan
Tangier, Nova Scotia

Editor's note: Some former staff members of residential schools have testified they were unaware of abuses committed by their colleagues. Back to the Red Road, *a book by former teacher Florence Kaefer and one of her students, Edward Gamblin, addresses this subject.*

Mistaken identity

In the August-September 2016 issue, a photo of the locomotive *Samson* was identified as *Dorchester*, a Quebec locomotive from approximately the same period. The source of the error is likely Library and Archives Canada. I am hoping *Canada's History* can start correcting this error.

Debra McNabb
Director, Museum of Industry
Stellarton, Nova Scotia

Erratum

The June-July 2016 article "An Unknown Country" referred to the Maple Leaf flag appearing upside-down during the opening game of the 1994 World Series. The incident actually took place in 1992.

During the fur trade era, outposts regularly received "packets" of correspondence. Email your comments to editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to Canada's History, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

Two Inuit men carve sculptures while undergoing treatment for tuberculosis, in Hamilton, Ontario, circa 1950-1960.

NEWS

Legacy carved in stone

Tuberculosis patients' Inuit art donated to Hamilton art gallery.

In one carefully carved piece, an Inuit boy cradles a seal pup; in another piece, dark ink lines weave across a canvas, giving form to four birds. These works of Inuit art are just a small sample of a 132-piece collection of sculptures and prints recently donated to Ontario's Art Gallery of Hamilton.

The collection's history is equally compelling: The pieces were created by Inuit from the eastern Arctic who were sent to Hamilton to be treated for tuberculosis in the 1950s and 1960s. More than 1,300 patients were treated at Hamilton's Mountain Sanitarium during that period. Patients sold the art for spending money; artworks that didn't sell were stored for decades at the sanitarium, which later became Chedoke Hospital (now part of Hamilton Health Sciences). Well-known Inuit artists included in the collection are Kenojuak Ashevak, Guy Mamatiaq, Moses Meeko, Noona, Alivaktak Petaloosie, Simon POV, Mikisiti Saila, and Kanayuk Tukalak.

An anonymous donor recently purchased the collection and donated it to the art gallery. Hamilton Health Sciences officials said the proceeds of the purchase will be used to provide better services and care for "Indigenous patients and their families" in the Hamilton region.

The gallery plans a major exhibition of the collection in 2017.

COURTESY ART GALLERY OF HAMILTON

Four Birds, by Lucy (last name unknown). Stonecut on paper.

Tableau of Inuit Hunter holding a harpoon, with a dead seal, a gun and a pouch at his feet, by Sammy (last name unknown). Grey green mottled steatite.

Standing Fox, by Henry Evaluardjuk. Serpentine stone.

BRUSH STROKES

Celebrate Canada 150 Tulip

by Sharon Argyle, 2016, oil painting on panel, 51 cm x 40.5 cm

In addition to their beauty, tulips have borne a special meaning for Canadians ever since Princess Juliana of the Netherlands and her two daughters reached safety in Ottawa during the Second World War. In appreciation for that safe refuge and in recognition of the Canadian Army's role in the liberation of Holland, the Dutch government in 1945 sent 100,000 tulip bulbs to Ottawa, followed by thousands more over the years.

The most recent bestowal of Dutch tulip generosity is the red-and-white Canada 150 tulip, developed especially to honour Canada's sesquicentennial. Thousands have been planted in Canadian gardens and will be flowering for the first time in the spring of 2017. It will add fresh colour and distinction to the more than one million tulips making up the Ottawa Tulip Festival in May, an annual event since 1953.

I had the pleasure of painting an early bloom of the Canada 150 tulip in a Canadian garden last spring. Paintings follow passions and one of my passions is tulips. I've painted them many times in their myriad colours and shapes. There is no limit to their variety and beauty.

"The tulip represents gratitude and the long-standing friendship between Canada and the Netherlands. Blooming in the colours of Canada's flag, Canada 150 tulips will bring both pride and joy to gardens and communities from coast to coast to coast," said Cees Kole, the Netherlands' ambassador to Canada.

— Sharon Argyle

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Reginald Fessenden demonstrated that sound — not simply Morse code — could be transmitted over radio, leading the way for radio broadcasting.

INNOVATORS

Making waves

The Canadian inventor who really invented radio. *by Susan Goldenberg*

So you think it was inventor Guglielmo Marconi who invented radio? Wrong! The man who actually made it work was Reginald Aubrey Fessenden, a six foot two, bearded, bespectacled, brilliant Canadian who loved cats, wore voluminous Inverness capes, smoked cigars, was multilingual, played the violin, carried screwdrivers and wrenches in his pockets, and did much of his thinking while lying on the floor.

Most people give the credit for radio to Marconi, who made history by transmitting the letter "s" in Morse code from England to Newfoundland in December 1901. But it was the Quebec-born Fessenden (1866–1932) who, a year earlier, had transmitted history's first wireless voice message.

Inspired by the ripple of water when he tossed a stone in a lake, he came up with the theory that sound transmits in continuous waves; Marconi believed to the contrary that it was a whiplash process. On December 23, 1900, Fessenden transmitted his voice between two fifteen-metre-tall towers, located sixteen hundred metres apart, asking his assistant, "Is it snowing where you are, Mr. Thiessen? If it is, telegraph and let me know." To his joy, Thiessen answered, "yes."

Just over five years later, in January 1906, Fessenden made the first successful two-way transatlantic transmission. His rival Marconi had only achieved one-way transmission by that time.

In an equally historic event, on December 24, 1906, at 9:00 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, Fessenden made the first radio voice broadcast to crews of ships in the Atlantic and Caribbean, performing Christmas carols, reading the Bible, and playing the violin. The significance of this event cannot be overstated. He had successfully invented radio as we know it. Technically, he had invented radio telephony — the wireless telephone, as he called it — or what radio listeners would call "real radio," in contrast to Marconi's Morse code broadcasting.

Fessenden had a fertile mind. He proceeded to develop many more important innovations in a wide variety of fields, eventually becoming the holder of more than five hundred patents. He developed a sonar system for submarines to signal one another as well as a method of locating icebergs to help to avoid another disaster like the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912. He also invented a version of microfilm, a technique for petroleum exploration, tracer bullets used in battle, and a turbo-electric drive for ships. During the First World War, he gave the Allied governments the right to use any of his inventions without compensation to him.

All of this should have brought Fessenden fame and fortune. Instead, he was scoffed at and never received due recognition — unlike Marconi, who received a Nobel Prize. Moreover, Fessenden was embroiled for fifteen years in costly lawsuits over infringement of his patents. He sued for a total of $60 million but received only $2.5 million. The Canadian government granted Marconi $80,000 for his studies, a generous sum then, but gave nothing to Fessenden. McGill University refused him a chairmanship because he lacked a degree; the position went to an American. On his death, the *New York Herald Tribune* said: "It sometimes happens, even in science, that one man can be right against the world. Professor Fessenden was that man."

Still, Fessenden's accomplishments live on, and in 1987 a Canadian stamp was issued in his honour.

GETTY

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Grimsby Beach cottages

A vibrant legacy underlies the picturesque gingerbread cottages of Grimsby Beach, Ontario, which are nestled in the Niagara region along the southern shore of Lake Ontario. At the turn of the twentieth century, this summer haven drew thousands of visitors annually by steamboat from Toronto, Hamilton, and even nearby Buffalo, New York, to enjoy its amenities and cottages.

Grimsby Beach began in 1875 as the Ontario Methodist Camp Ground Company. Attractions included lawn games, boat rentals, "the Temple" for daily worship, and cottages. Constructed on what had been tent lots, the board-and-batten cottages were built narrow and long, with ornate woodwork. Families often leased cottages for the summer while the fathers commuted to work by public transport. Grimsby Beach was highly accessible, with both the Grand Trunk Railway and steamboats making multiple trips to nearby cities.

When the company went bankrupt in 1910, amusement park owner H.H. Wylie purchased the land, discarded its Methodist origins, and renamed it "Grimsby Beach."

At its height, sixteen thousand visitors flocked to the beach each year to enjoy Wylie's midway addition, which featured games, a merry-go-round, and a roller coaster. Visitors included the Group of Seven's Lawren Harris, who captured the tourist attraction on canvas in his 1926 *Summer Houses, Grimsby Beach*.

HEATHER WILSON/EVELYN HEATHER IMAGERY

Over time, many of the almost two hundred wooden cottages were destroyed by fire. The surviving cottages were winterized and became private homes due to increased housing demands after the Second World War.

The local municipality hopes to make Grimsby Beach into a heritage district, with a goal of further restoring the cottages and enhancing the waterfront that once welcomed thousands of visitors each year.

Text by Alanna Wilson and photo by Heather Wilson (Evelyn Heather Imagery). Provided by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada in collaboration with Carleton University's History and Theory of Architecture program.

OBJECT OF INTEREST

Riel's handcuffs

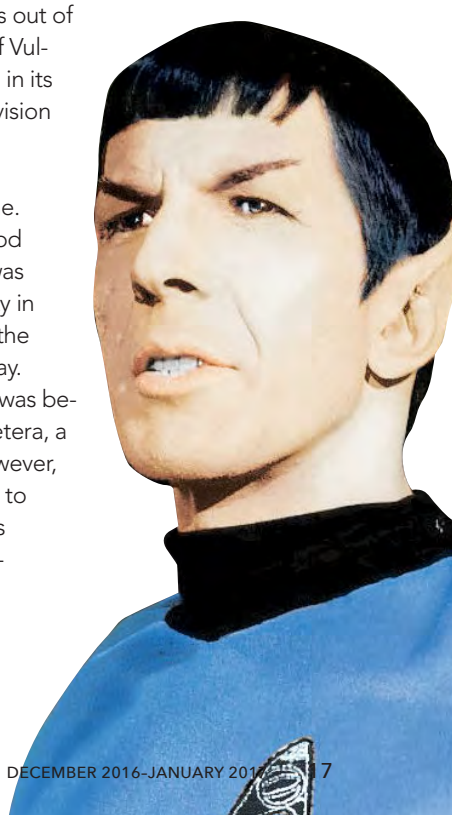
These handcuffs were used to restrain Métis leader Louis Riel immediately before his hanging in Regina on November 16, 1885. Riel led two armed movements: The Red River Resistance of 1869–70 and the Northwest Resistance of 1885, which ultimately led to his execution for high treason. Today he is widely acknowledged as a Father of Confederation for his role in founding Manitoba.

This object is part of the collection of the Canadian Museum of History.

SIGNPOSTS

Vulcan

Talk about a town that's out of this world. Residents of Vulcan, Alberta, may revel in its connection to the television show *Star Trek*, but the town's name is actually related to ancient Rome. Vulcan is the Roman god of fire, and the name was given to the community in 1910 by a surveyor for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Vulcan's claim to fame was being the home of Trekcetera, a Star Trek museum. However, the museum is moving to Drumheller, Alberta. As Spock, *Star Trek*'s emotionless Vulcan science officer, would say, may Vulcan (the town) "live long and prosper."



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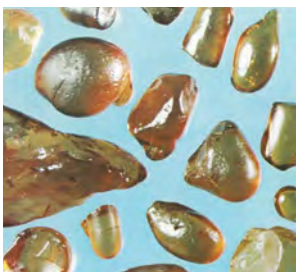
Eider duck parka

Tales and Treasures from the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

The Inuit of southeastern Hudson Bay have been harvesting eiderdown for generations. It is one of the warmest natural materials available and is perfect for the creation of winter clothing. This parka from the Belcher Islands consists of a number of eider duck skins sewn together and a hood trimmed with either dog or wolf fur. Some of the artifacts in the HBC Collection come with great provenance — that is, we can track the ownership of the object and sometimes even who made and used it — and it's often this information that gives the artifact its historical significance. In this case, the parka once belonged to Peter Sala, one of four men convicted of manslaughter in the killings of nine people in 1941. That winter was particularly harsh for communities on the Belcher Islands, as seals were becoming scarce, the weather was awful, and trade opportunities were disrupted with the Second World War in full swing. While the crimes made national headlines — and the trial was unusual, as it was held in the Belcher Islands — it is important not to sensationalize the story. The community of Sanikiluaq is still affected by the legacies of these crimes, and this parka is part of the material history of this dark period for the Sanikiluarmiut. *— Amelia Fay, curator of the HBC Collection at the Manitoba Museum*

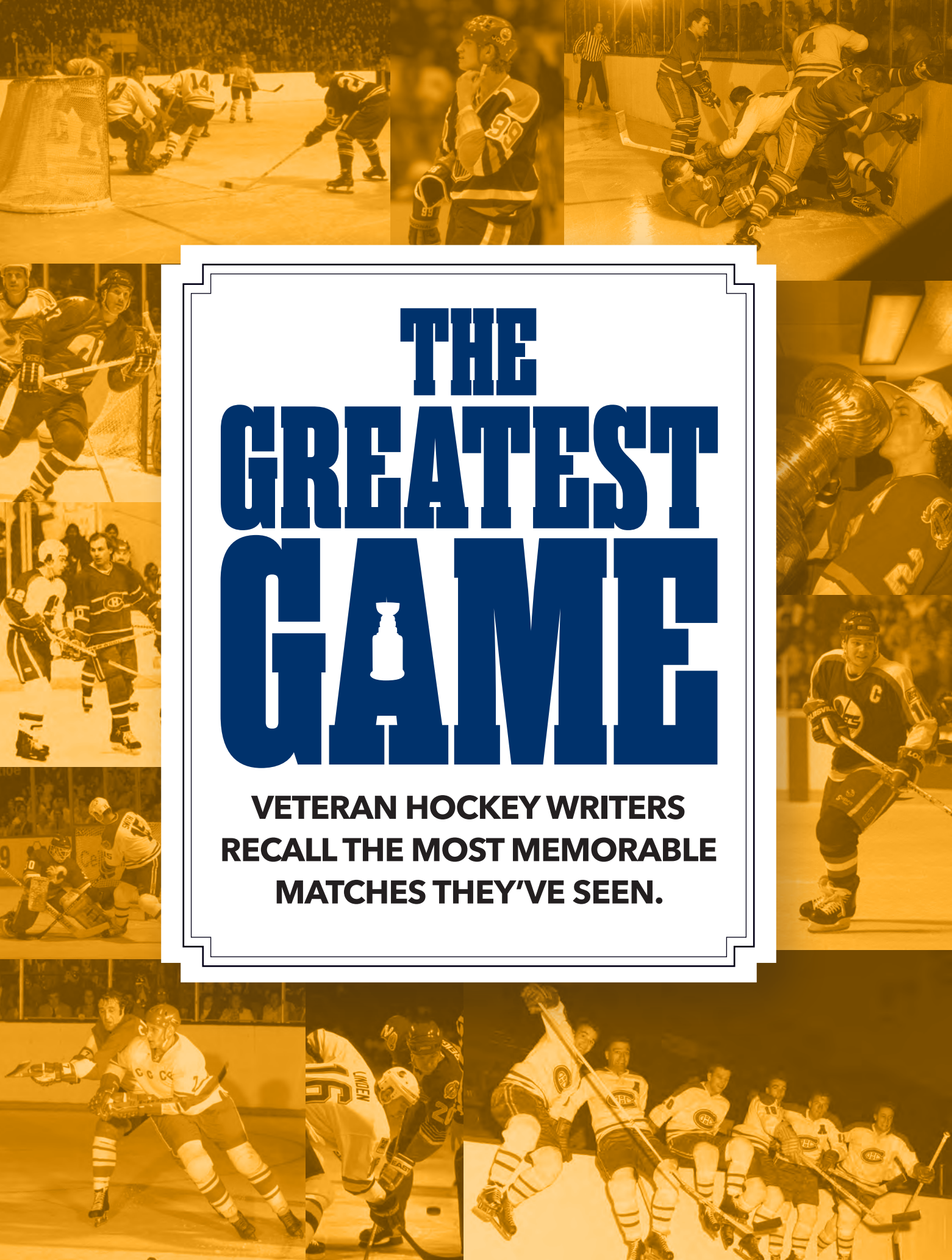
ARTIFACT FROM THE MANITOBA MUSEUM (HBC 81-9) / PHOTO BY ANDREW WORKMAN

IN THE BEAVER …



The inside cover of *The Beaver*'s Summer 1969 issue bore a large photo of the *Nonsuch II* clearing London, England's Tower Bridge and about to pass the Tower of London on her way up the Thames River. The replica of the original seventeenth-century *Nonsuch* was created for the Hudson Bay Company's three-hundredth-anniversary celebrations in 1970 and is permanently displayed at the Manitoba Museum in Winnipeg. The same issue's cover story, "Canadian Amber," by J.F. McAlpine and J.E.H. Martin, spoke of the wonders to be found at Cedar Lake, Manitoba, where about one in fifty of the hundreds of amber pieces collected by the authors contained an entombed insect. The amber, believed to have formed from resin oozed from conifers some seventy million years ago, contained "some of the world's best preserved and most fascinating fossils of insects, spiders, mites, and related animals as well as pollen grains, spores, and fragments of plants."

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/TradingPost**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbcheritage.ca**, or follow HBC's Twitter and Instagram feeds at **@HBCHeritage**.



THE GREATEST GAME

VETERAN HOCKEY WRITERS RECALL THE MOST MEMORABLE MATCHES THEY'VE SEEN.

SPECIAL NHL AT 100 FEATURE

In 2017, the National Hockey League will celebrate its centennial. The NHL launched in November of that year, rising from the ashes of the failed National Hockey Association. Its teams included the Toronto Arenas, the Ottawa Senators, the Montreal Wanderers, and another Quebec franchise that today is the most storied in hockey history – the Montreal Canadiens. The puck dropped on the first NHL game on December 19. The Quebec Bulldogs also joined the NHL in 1917 but did not field a team until 1919.

It's a long way from the pond to the pros. Over the past century, tens of thousands of players have chased the dream of playing Canada's game on the biggest hockey stage in the world — the NHL.

The ice hasn't always been smooth, however. The league launched in the midst of the First World War, and some of the teams soon were bodychecked by financial difficulties. In the second season, the Spanish flu forced the cancellation of the Stanley Cup final.

In the ensuing decades, teams have come and gone, dynasties have risen and fallen, records have been set and broken. Upstart leagues aiming to supplant the NHL have come and gone, too, most notably the World Hockey Association from 1972 to 1979. More recently, the Kontinental Hockey League was established in Asia and Europe in 2008. The twenty-eight team KHL is now the second-best hockey league in the world.

Yet the NHL remains the league players want to join. Its iconic skaters have become household names — Wayne "The Great One" Gretzky, Gordie "Mr. Hockey" Howe, Maurice "Rocket" Richard, and others.

In the early days, fans cheered their teams at the rink or read about the on-ice exploits in newspapers the next day. The advent of live radio broadcasts in 1923, followed by black-and-white television in 1952, brought the game to new audiences and new heights of popularity. Beginning in the 1950s, *Hockey Night in Canada* became a new religion for many, with fans gathering in living rooms from coast to coast to coast.

For a select group, however, watching hockey has been more than a passion — it's been a profession. A small cadre of sports reporters have chronicled the exploits of our hockey heroes for decades.

To mark the centennial year of the league, *Canada's History* recruited some of the country's best veteran hockey writers and asked each of them a deceptively simple question: "What is the greatest game you've ever covered?"

You'll find their answers in the following special feature. Some chose moments of Stanley Cup triumphs. Others recalled more personal memories of times shared with childhood hockey idols. And others found greatness in moments of defeat, when true character emerged.

We hope you enjoy these tales from Canada's seven professional NHL teams. And as a special bonus, the country's most senior sports writer has shared his memories of the greatest Canadian team, in the greatest series ever — and the moment he witnessed the greatest goal in hockey history.

— Mark Collin Reid

// For even more stories of the early days of hockey go to CanadasHistory.ca/NHL@100

GETTY IMAGES; HOCKEY HALL OF FAME; CITY OF VANCOUVER ARCHIVES

A PERFECT MATCH

CANADA'S CENTENNIAL YEAR STANLEY CUP FINAL BETWEEN TORONTO AND MONTREAL WAS A PLAYOFF SERIES OF MYTHIC PROPORTIONS. *BY FRANK ORR*

In the 1966–67 National Hockey League season, the great comedian Johnny Wayne watched the Toronto Maple Leafs practise at Maple Leaf Gardens. "It won't be knee injuries that wreck this team," Wayne quipped with a slight smile. "It will be prostate surgery." That was Wayne's way of saying the Leafs had a roster, by NHL standards, of old men. Seven Leaf players that season were thirty-six years of age or older, something extraordinary in professional team sports.

That made the Leafs' Stanley Cup victory in 1967 stand out among the fourteen crowns won by a Toronto team, eleven under the Maple Leaf banner. The cup final, which pitted the Leafs against the archrival Montreal Canadiens, was the perfect match: Canada's two "original six" NHL teams meeting in the country's centennial year.

The clinching sixth game, a 3-1 victory over the Montreal Canadiens in a magnificently played hockey match, is logged indelibly in the memories of the 15,977 fans who witnessed it live at Maple Leaf Gardens that long-ago night, as well as the millions more who tuned in via radio and TV. That stunning May evening has had no repeats in the second half of the NHL's century when, mostly, the Leafs have been mediocre also-rans — big at the box office, miniscule on the ice.

The first fifty years had many Leaf highlight games. But, for sheer drama, the 1967 achievement stands out — the sixth game a breathtaking, edge-of-your-seat experience for sixty minutes.

The 1960s-era Leafs were transformed into a powerhouse by manager-coach George (Punch) Imlach. By the 1966–67 season, Imlach seemed to take a page from Major League Baseball's language-assaulting genius Casey Stengel, who once said, "Don't forget the folks what brung ya."

Foregoing a youth movement, Imlach stuck with his veterans, which meant the Leafs were hockey's old folks' home with goalies Johnny Bower, 42, and Terry Sawchuk, 37, defencemen Allan Stanley, 41, Tim Horton, 37, and Marcel Pronovost, 37, and forwards George Armstrong, the team captain, 36, and Red Kelly, 39.

The Leafs also had excellent two-way centre Dave Keon, plus solid veteran forwards Bob Pulford and Frank Mahovlich, and defencemen Bob Baun and Larry Hillman. Forwards Ron Ellis, Pete Stemkowski, Jim Pappin, Brian Conacher, and Mike Walton added youth and speed.

The first-place Chicago Blackhawks, with Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita, were expected to sweep the semi-final series with the Leafs. But with the ancient Bower and Sawchuck extraordinary in goal, the Leafs won in six games.

The Leafs were underdogs to the young Habitants, and when the Canadiens won, 6-2, to open the series in Montreal, the Leafs' outlook was bleak. However, backed by Bower's superb goaltending, the Leafs won the next two games. In game four, Bower was injured in warm-up, and Sawchuk had a rough night in a 6-2 loss. But in game five Sawchuk excelled in a 4-1 win at Montreal.

In game six, the packed crowd at Maple Leaf Gardens did more gasping than cheering as Sawchuk stopped all seventeen shots in the first period. The noise was enormous when Ellis broke the deadlock at 6:25 of the second period, even louder when Pappin doubled the lead in the last minute. Then ex-Leaf favourite Dick Duff scored for the Canadiens at 5:28 of the third, making the score 2-1.

With a faceoff in the Leafs' zone in the last minute, the Canadiens had an empty net. The Gardens was almost eerily silent when Imlach sent out five skaters who had been loyal to him through the decade — Kelly, Armstrong, Pulford, Horton, and Stanley. Defenceman Stanley won the faceoff against the mighty Jean Béliveau, passing to Kelly, who relayed to Pulford. When the Canadiens converged on him, Pulford spotted Armstrong, skating in his awkward stride toward the blue line. Pulford's perfect pass sent the veteran captain on his way for a ninety-foot shot into the empty net.

It is perhaps the best-remembered goal in blue-and-white history.

Frank Orr is a veteran hockey writer with the *Toronto Star* who has authored more than thirty books related to sports.

HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

Maple Leafs players rejoice after Bob Pulford scores the overtime game-winning goal in game three of the Stanley Cup Final on April 25, 1967, at Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto.

Leafs captain George Armstrong, left, holds the Stanley Cup after winning the championship on May 2, 1967.

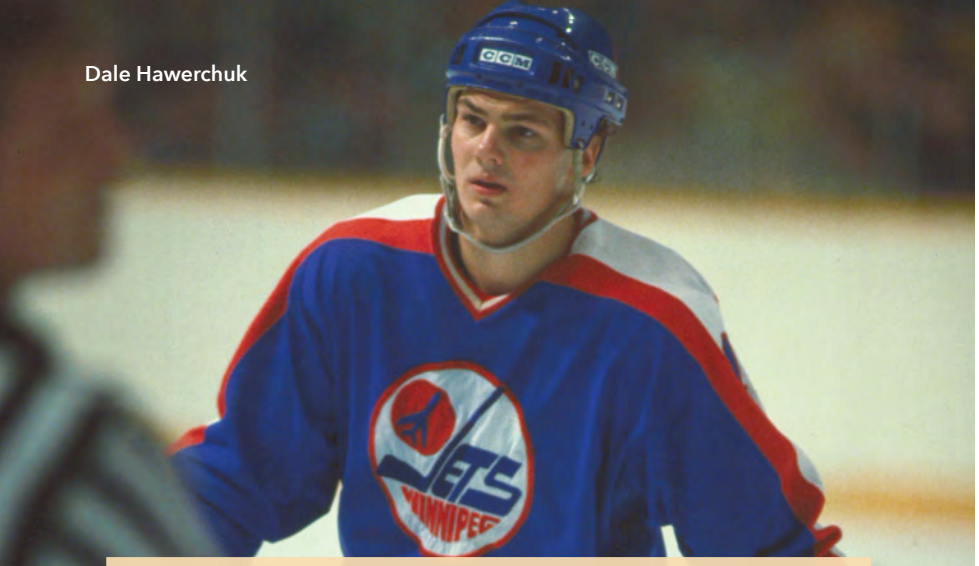
Dave Keon

THE GREATEST MAPLE LEAF

Among the best all-round players in NHL history, Dave Keon was a solid scorer, a superb penalty-killer, exceptional on defence, and extremely consistent. He was not big, but he was quick and agile, which allowed him to cover the top opposing centres. At his best in big games, he scored sixty-seven points in eighty-nine Leafs playoff games.

CAREER STATS

POSITION	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	
C	396	590	986	**Stanley Cups:** 4 **All-Star Games:** 8 **Trophies:** Calder, Smythe, Byng (2)



Dale Hawerchuk

THE GREATEST JET

Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson never wore Jets uniforms in the NHL, but there can be no discussion about "greatest ever Jet" without including them and Bobby Hull. However, among the NHL Jets, Dale Hawerchuk was supreme. In six of his nine seasons with the Jets, "Ducky" scored more than a hundred points.

CAREER STATS

POSITION	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	
C	518	891	1409	**Stanley Cups:** 0 **All-Star Games:** 5 **Trophies:** Calder

Lorne Stamler, right, leads the Jets up the ice during "tuxedo night" action.

He was late for a very important hockey date

EDMONTON — Bobby ull's absence here raised peculation that the 40-year-d left winger may be on e verge of retirement.

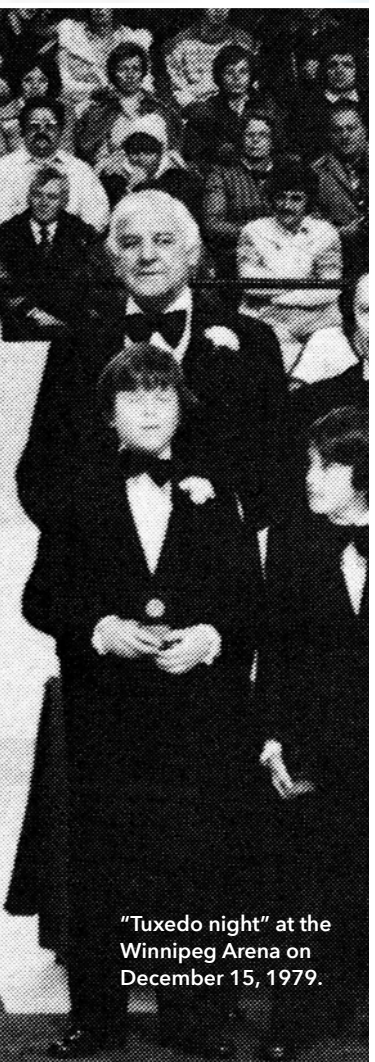
Hull failed to show at the innipeg airport Sunday orning to join the Jets on eir flight to Edmonton nd, according to both coach om McVie and general anager John Ferguson, it as Hull's decision to stay

"He was on the plane list d the rooming list," said cVie. "I think maybe obby just wants to sit down d think about playing."

Ferguson didn't talk to ull yesterday, but he ex-ects to do so today. The innipeg GM added that ull has not said anything to m about retiring.

Hull did not play in Winni-g's 6-2 victory over Mon-eal Canadiens on Saturday. e arrived at the rink late d was told not to bother essing. "It's a priority rule th McVie.

"Nobody's mad at



"Tuxedo night" at the Winnipeg Arena on December 15, 1979.

JON THORDARSON/WINNIPEG FREE PRESS. HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

WINNIPEG JETS TAKE FLIGHT

THE NIGHT THE `WHO'S HE?' JETS FINALLY BEAT THE `WHO'S WHO' CANADIENS. *BY PATTI DAWN SWANSSON*

If Tom McVie said it once, he said it a dozen times: "We're going to beat the Montreal Canadiens," the Winnipeg Jets' head coach would vow during the first two and a half months of his club's National Hockey League existence. "I just don't know when."

Those of us who tracked the daily home-and-away tribulations of the Jets during their 1979–80 crusade resisted the urge to greet McVie's mantra with rude laughter, because we were genuinely fond of the hockey lifer/funny man who would regale us with knee-slapping yarns of yore. Still, as much as his belief in his watered-down lineup was laudable, the notion that the Jets could topple the reigning Stanley Cup champion Habs was laughable.

Seriously, Les Glorieux's roster was a who's who of hockey. The Jets group was a "who's he?" of hockey. Anyone who knew a puck from a bowl of pasta could tell you that, even on their worst day, Guy Lafleur, Steve Shutt, Bob Gainey, Larry Robinson, Serge Savard, Guy Lapointe et al would lay a *bleu*, *blanc*, *et rouge* licking on Jets stalwarts like Lorne Stamler, Barry Melrose, Jimmy Mann, Mike Amodeo, or Ross Cory.

Lest there be any doubt, les Canadiens fortified their superiority in November by administering a 7-0 paddy-whacking to the Jets at the Forum in Montreal. Coach McVie, however, held firm in the wake of that humiliation and again delivered his incantation: "We're going to beat the Montreal Canadiens," he insisted, as if saying so would magically make it so. "I just don't know when."

Fast-forward to December 15, 1979, a Saturday night that brought *Hockey Night in Canada* cameras inside the Winnipeg Arena for the first time. There was much ballyhoo, bordering on Habs hysteria. Marketing wizards determined it would be a boffo idea to promote the occasion as "tuxedo night." Patrons were encouraged to wear monkey suits. Staff at Mallabar, a local outfit specializing in the sale and rental of formal attire, watched 1,500 tuxes disappear from their racks faster than you could say "Giorgio Armani."

Jets brass, coaches, and support workers, the Zamboni driver, and many among the 15,723 customers were dressed to the nines.

The Jets, though, were very much a ragtag outfit. Due to punitive measures imposed as part of the settlement by which the NHL absorbed the Jets and three other teams from the defunct World Hockey Association, the group that confronted the Habs on December 15 was a pale resemblance of the roster that had captured the final WHA title the previous spring. Gone were key components Terry Ruskowski, Rich Preston, Barry Long, tough guy Kim Clackson, and the supremely skilled Kent Nilsson.

Also conspicuous by his absence was Jets sniper Bobby Hull, who, due to confusion about the starting time, was at home sipping a cup of tea when he ought to have been on the ice for pre-game limbering-up exercises. After an urgent call to Hull's residence, he arrived at the rink, but his tardiness resulted in McVie removing him from the lineup, a development that so enraged general manager John Ferguson that he kicked a hole in the door of the coach's office. McVie refused to budge. A rule was a rule was a rule. Thus Hull, the legendary left winger, left the building and was never again seen in Jets livery.

As it happened, Winnipeg got along just fine without him that night.

The Jets rag-dolled the Flying Frenchmen. Willy Lindstrom scored three times. Peter Sullivan had a goal and four assists.

Ron Wilson and Morris Lukowich had a goal apiece.The Jets outscored the Canadiens 6-2 and outshot them 48-19 (including 22-4 in the second period).

At the end, I trundled to the basement of the old barn on Winnipeg's Maroons Road to collect nuggets from McVie. "I told you we would beat the Montreal Canadiens," he said, smiling. "Yes, Tom, you did," I replied. "By the way, you look great in a monkey suit."

"Pretty sharp, eh?," McVie quipped. "But I promised I'd have the tux back by midnight or they're gonna charge me extra. I can't afford that, and Fergy's too cheap to pay the fine."

The moral of the story? Beating the Canadiens was priceless, but apparently not at any cost.

Patti Dawn Swansson covered the Jets for the *Winnipeg Sun* and the now-defunct *Winnipeg Tribune*.

TRUE GRIT

A MISTAKE COST THE OILERS THE STANLEY CUP, BUT IT DID NOT DESTROY THE MAN WHO MADE IT. *BY DAVE KOMOSKY*

There have been few NHL dynasties more feared and admired than the star-studded Edmonton Oilers of the mid-1980s. They had everything: superstar talent led by the incomparable Wayne Gretzky (statistically the greatest forward in the game's history), superb role players, and a brilliant motivator, Glen (Slats) Sather, behind the bench. As a group, they produced four Stanley Cup titles in five sensational NHL seasons.

Surely, then, the most exciting and memorable game the Oilers would play would have to be one of their glorious cup-clinching victories, or include one of Gretzky's record-setting performances, of which there were many.

Well, maybe for others, but not for me, even though I had witnessed some of the greatest moments in Oilers history. For me, the most memorable Oilers game had nothing to do with cup wins, records, or brilliant performances. Quite the opposite. It had to do with one of the biggest flubs in sports history, the mark it left on the man who made it, and his rise above it.

There have been countless blunders, gaffes, and plain old boneheaded plays in sports over the years. The darker side of sports is the fact that, despite the enormous talent professional athletes possess, eventually someone is going to screw up, big-time — often on the biggest stage. And that is exactly what Oilers rookie defenceman Steve Smith did on the night of April 30, 1986, when he — gasp! — scored into his own net. On his birthday!

Smith's booboo was magnified because it came against the Oilers' archrivals, the Calgary Flames. It came in the seventh game of the Stanley Cup Smythe Division playoffs, in Edmonton's Northlands Coliseum, and in front of a raucous crowd cheering on the Oil. What a time and place to mess up!

The video of that colossal error is still evergreen in the mind. I was sitting directly above the Oilers' net, high above the ice surface at Northlands. Here's Smith stopping with the puck behind his own net. Here he is looking up the ice to head-man the puck. Here he is firing the puck ... yikes! ... off the back of goalie Grant Fuhr's left leg and trickling back into the net.

It was a momentary loss of concentration, and it cost the Oilers big-time. The goal came early in the third period of a tied and gut-wrenching game, and it proved to be the game — and series — winner. Despite the Oilers' blitzkrieg-style offence, they could not come back. The loss would end the Oilers' cup run at two, although they would bounce back to win the next two.

After realizing the enormity of what he had done, Smith fell to the ice as if shot. He buried his face in his gloves in a fit of agony, and the crowd, falling into a quiet murmur, felt the pain and humiliation with him. After the game, Smith's face was a swamp of sadness as he shook his opponents' hands. He skated quickly to the dressing room, where, as the media hounds expected, he would hide from the pens and microphones.

But what followed was stunning. While many of his Edmonton teammates retreated to the showers or private quarters of the dressing room, Smith sat in front of his stall and faced the music. Tears welled up in his eyes as he answered every one of our questions.

That took courage. He shouldered the loss, even though Fuhr, the goalie, was partly to blame. Many of these types of mistakes can ruin an athlete. Smith's error was so egregious that it stuck to him like a barnacle for the rest of his career. A video of that goal is still available, after all these years, on YouTube.

That it didn't completely destroy his career is a testament to Smith's strength of character. He went on to have a stellar career in the NHL.

Smith still lives with that gaffe today. "If I think for one second people are not going to remember," he told the *Edmonton Sun* a few years ago, "I'm a fool to think that."

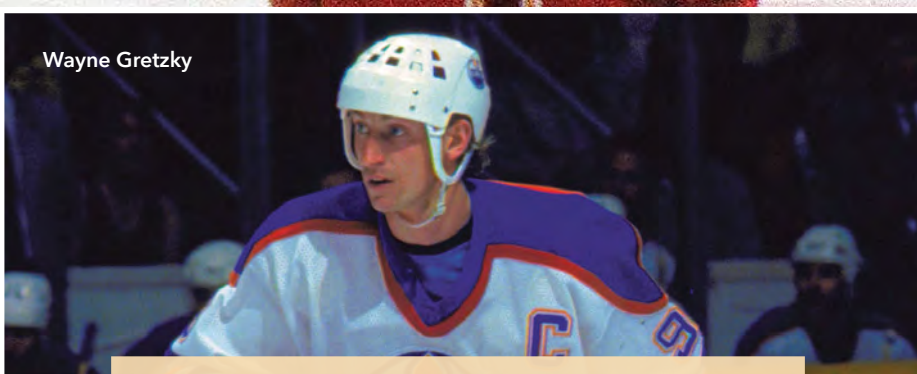
It was an outstanding game, with a once-in-a-lifetime mistake, made by a man who would own up to it but refused to let it destroy him.

Dave Komosky covered the Edmonton Oilers in the 1980s as a columnist for the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

Steve Smith

EDMONTON JOURNAL, HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

Edmonton Oilers Steve Smith drops to his hands and knees after accidently scoring against his own team during the 1986 Stanley Cup Smythe Division playoffs.



Wayne Gretzky

THE GREATEST OILER

Any discussion about the greatest Edmonton Oiler of all time must start and end with Wayne Gretzky, No. 99. Gretzky dominated the NHL with his game-changing blend of skill, coordination, and intelligence, leading the Oilers to four Stanley Cup championships. He holds just about every significant NHL scoring record. No wonder they call him the "Great One."

CAREER STATS

POSITION	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	
C	894	1963	2857	**Stanley Cups:** 4 **All-Star Games:** 18 **Trophies:** Hart (9), Ross (10), Lady Byng (5), Lindsay(5), Smythe (2)

Jean Béliveau

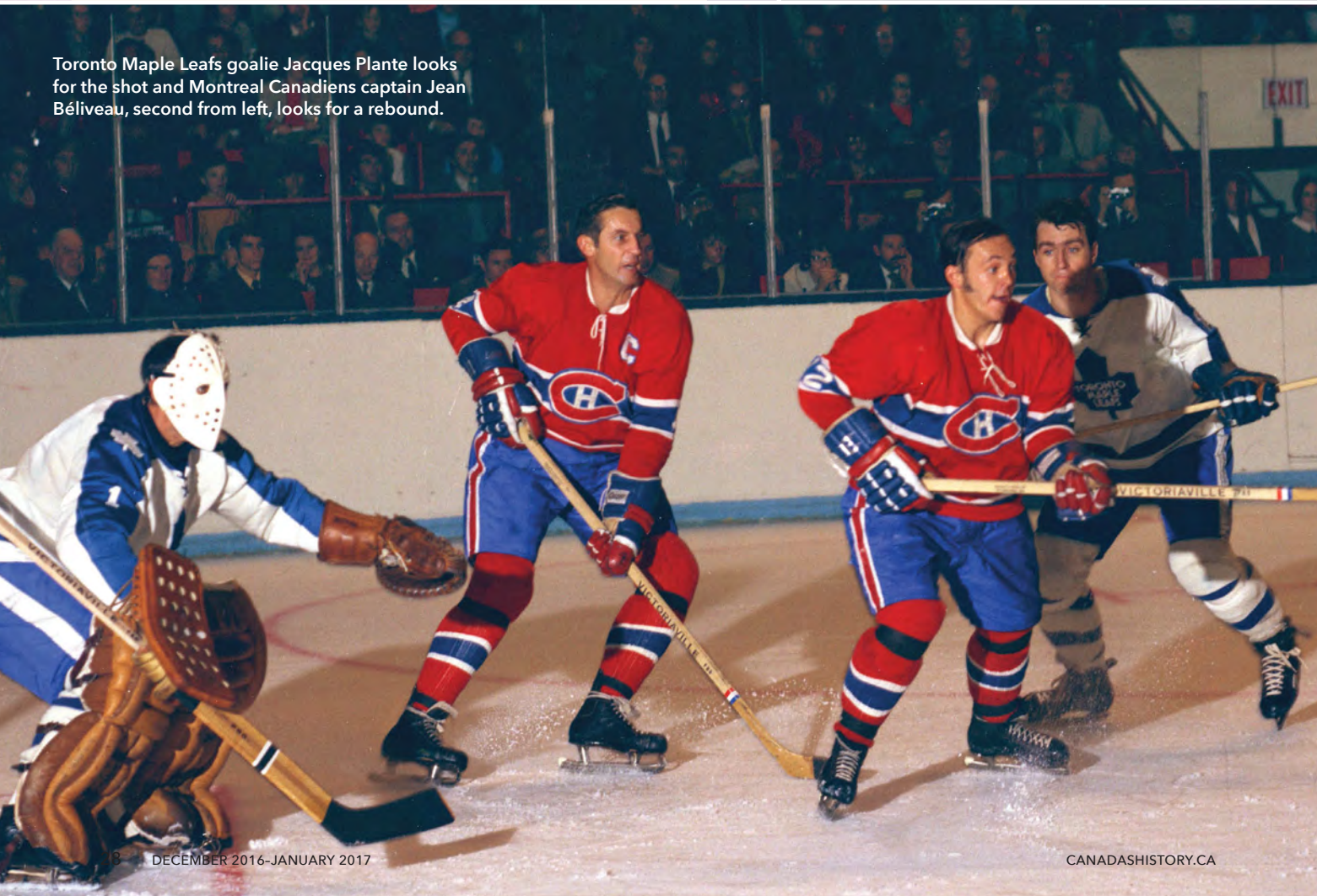
THE GREATEST CANADIEN

No one in the 117-year history of the Montreal Canadiens has better combined the qualities of supreme skill on the ice, strong leadership in the dressing room, and selfless involvement in his community than Jean Béliveau, an icon with the franchise, and the NHL, through his six decades as a player, team executive, and ambassador.

CAREER STATS

POSITION	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	
C	507	712	1219	Stanley Cups: 10 All-Star Games: 13 Trophies: Ross, Smythe, Hart (2)

From left, Canadiens players Jean Béliveau, Mickey Redmond, Toe Blake (partially hidden) and Claude Provost with the Stanley Cup in 1968.



Toronto Maple Leafs goalie Jacques Plante looks for the shot and Montreal Canadiens captain Jean Béliveau, second from left, looks for a rebound.

HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

LE GROS BILL

A MEMORABLE EVENING WATCHING THE MONTREAL CANADIENS WITH THE BELOVED JEAN BÉLIVEAU. *BY DAVE STUBBS*

I had grown up a fan of Jean Béliveau on the back nine of his career: I was fourteen when the legendary Montreal Canadiens captain retired as a ten-time Stanley Cup-winning player.

But Mr. Béliveau's impact and influence on his team, on his country, and on the game of hockey as a whole was felt every day until his passing in December 2014. Today, his spirit remains strong in the Canadiens organization, and he remains in a very large way the conscience of the team.

This fan became a journalist in the late 1970s, and I would see much of this grand gentleman in the time I spent around the Canadiens. In 1999, when his team was suffering through a dismal spell, it occurred to me that the proud Jean Béliveau must be hurting, too. Twenty-eight years after he'd scored the last of his 586 career goals, a half dozen years after he'd retired from a vice-presidency with the team, Le Gros Bill, as he was nicknamed in the 1950s, remained the face many associated with the Canadiens' greatest team.

What must it be like for him, then sixty-eight, to sit in his familiar seat night after night at the Molson (now Bell) Centre, three rows behind the Canadiens bench, and see the shoulders of the players sag with one loss piled atop the one before it? "Join me," he said simply when I asked. And so I did on November 11, 1999, for the most memorable night of my professional life.

As I sat beside this hockey icon and boyhood hero, I was aware that he was as graceful and commanding a presence in a finely tailored jacket as he had been in a Le Bleu-Blanc-Rouge jersey. At the spot where his captain's "C" had been stitched from 1961 to 1971 he wore a Remembrance Day poppy and his Order of Canada lapel pin.

With him were Élise, then his wife of forty-six years, and Magalie Roy, then thirteen, one of their two granddaughters. From the seats you could see Béliveau's retired No. 4 jersey hanging in the arena rafters, among the banners celebrating the Canadiens' twenty-four Stanley Cups.

Béliveau was at once a delightful and painful reminder of the days in Montreal when Lord Stanley's sterling chalice was more than just a rumour.

Twenty-four hours earlier in Pittsburgh, the Canadiens had folded their tent faster than a Boy Scout, blowing a three-goal lead in the final ten minutes to lose 5-4 to the Penguins. They now faced the Anaheim Mighty Ducks with a nine-game winless streak behind them.

"They're probably hurting more emotionally than physically," Béliveau said. "Just look at Alain. He's grey." He was referring not to coach Alain Vigneault's hair but to his complexion.

The air behind the bench was both pungent and blue. Béliveau chuckled when, after a waved-off icing call, Vigneault spectacularly berated a francophone linesman in the colourfully profane slang of both of Canada's official languages.

"You'd have a better view of the ice a few more rows up," said Béliveau. "But imagine when I bring a father and his son here, someone who couldn't otherwise afford it, and let his boy see and hear the players this close. It's a dream for him."

He watched the action as both a fan and an authority, studying a play as it developed at one end of the rink and predicting with uncanny accuracy how it would finish fifteen seconds later at the other end. Any autograph seeker — and there were many – was politely asked to return at period's end, lest the admirer block the view of a spectator behind.

We all watched coach Vigneault pace, shout, fidget, and — finally — cheer as the Canadiens battled to a 2-1 win over the Ducks.

At the final siren, Béliveau was standing to applaud the end of a nine-game skid. Vigneault, with a little more colour in his cheeks, sighed his relief.

"There are great hockey fans in this town," Béliveau said as we headed back to the team's alumni lounge.

"But do you think," he added playfully, "that maybe we've just spoiled them with all those Stanley Cups?"

Dave Stubbs is a columnist and historian for the National Hockey League, writing for NHL.com.

1917

The National Hockey League is established at Montreal as a result of a dispute among team owners in the National Hockey Association. The original NHL teams include the Montreal Canadiens, Montreal Wanderers, Ottawa Senators, and Toronto Arenas. Quebec City holds a franchise but does not operate that season.

1967

The NHL undertakes a major expansion. Six new franchises are added, doubling the size of the league. The teams are the California Seals, Los Angeles Kings, Minnesota North Stars, Philadelphia Flyers, Pittsburgh Penguins, and St. Louis Blues. Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson and other Canadians are irate that no Canadian teams were added. It's an especially low blow, considering that 1967 is Canada's centennial year.

1972

The World Hockey Association is formed, creating serious competition for the NHL. The league offers higher pay than the NHL's average $25,000 salary, prompting seventy-seven NHL players to switch leagues. Among them is Chicago Black Hawks star Bobby Hull, who signs a ten-year deal with the WHA's Winnipeg Jets for $2.7 million, the largest contract in hockey history at the time. After many legal battles, the WHA merges with the NHL in 1979.

CANADIAN PRESS; HOCKEY HALL OF FAME; ELENA KHOMOUTOVA

1926

Teams based in Canada become a minority as more American clubs follow the Boston Bruins' entry into the NHL in 1924. These include the Pittsburgh Pirates (1925–30) and New York/Brooklyn Americans (1925–42), who in 1926 are joined by the New York Rangers, Chicago Black Hawks, and Detroit Cougars (later Red Wings). Rounding out the ten-team league that year are the Montreal Canadiens, Montreal Maroons, Ottawa Senators, and Toronto St. Patricks/Maple Leafs.

1942

Due to the financial pressures of the Great Depression and a player shortage caused by the Second World War, the league is reduced to six teams. For the next twenty-five years, the Boston Bruins, Chicago Black Hawks, Detroit Red Wings, Montreal Canadiens, New York Rangers, and Toronto Maple Leafs are the only teams in the league. They later become known as the "original six."

1992

Quebec-born goaltender Manon Rhéaume plays in an exhibition game with the Tampa Bay Lightning, becoming the first woman to play in an NHL game. The event provides a massive boost to women's hockey, which Canada dominates after it is added to Olymic competition in 1998.

The modern era

In the 1990s, the league continues to expand southward to include cities that almost never see snow. NHL players begin participating in the Olympics in 1998. Labour conflicts result in a number of lockouts, including the entire 2004–2005 season. Special outdoor games are introduced. Today, there are thirty NHL teams. Seven are Canadian.

MCDONALD'S TRIUMPH

FLAMES HALL OF FAME LEGEND ENDED CAREER IN STORYBOOK FASHION. *BY ERIC DUHATSCHEK*

On the day the Calgary Flames won the first — and thus far only — Stanley Cup in team history, coach Terry Crisp had the kind of career-changing decision to make that only occasionally occurs in pro sports.

Would Crisp go with sentiment and insert the franchise's most iconic figure, Lanny McDonald, into the lineup, even though he'd been only a bit player in the Flames' run to the 1989 Stanley Cup final against the Montreal Canadiens? Or would he take the more cold-blooded, pragmatic approach and put in a younger, more physical presence?

Crisp lost valuable sleep the night before, mulling his options over, and didn't finally arrive at a verdict until he went out for a long walk along Montreal's Rue Sainte-Catherine after the morning skate. McDonald went in — and the rest is now part of franchise lore.

Roughly six hours after Crisp arrived at his decision, McDonald took a pass from Flames centre Joe Nieuwendyk, went upstairs on Canadiens goaltender Patrick Roy, and scored what would be the final goal of his distinguished career.

McDonald scored his first NHL goal against Montreal as a rookie playing for the Toronto Maple Leafs. That one was memorable; this one was historic. His shot broke a 1-1 second-period tie, and the Flames would never trail in the game again.

Doug Gilmour put them ahead 3-1; the Canadiens got it to within a goal; and with time running out, Gilmour put it out of reach with an empty-net goal. It finished 4-2 — the game and the series — and the result permitted McDonald to end a Hall of Fame career in storybook fashion, by winning a Stanley Cup on his final night in an NHL uniform.

The Canadiens took up residence in the Montreal Forum in 1926 and played there seventy years before moving to what's now called the Bell Centre. In that span, the only visiting team ever to win a Stanley Cup on Forum ice was Calgary.

It reversed a result from three years earlier, when Montreal won its twenty-third Stanley Cup as the visiting team at Calgary's Olympic Saddledome, and it brought what had become one of the sweetest rivalries from that era into a nice karmic circle.

Crisp earned his own moment of notoriety with the win. It made him one of only eight men to win a Stanley Cup as both a coach and a player. It was a team shaped by general manager Cliff Fletcher to compete with the Edmonton Oilers' 1980s dynasty and featured six forwards that would end up scoring fifty goals in a season at least once in their careers — McDonald, Nieuwendyk, Joey Mullen, Hakan Loob, Gary Roberts, and Theo Fleury — and that doesn't even include Gilmour, a Hall of Famer and one of the premier set-up men in the game.

The defence revolved around the swashbuckling Al MacInnis, who won the Conn Smythe Trophy as the playoffs MVP, his howitzer of a slapshot intimidating Roy, one of the greatest goalies of all time.

It wasn't just McDonald's swan song either. Loob, who'd earlier become the first Swedish-born player to score fifty goals in an NHL season, retired from the league for personal reasons — so he could raise his family in Sweden.

Nieuwendyk and Roberts were just a couple of pups — childhood friends from Whitby, Ontario, whose first encounter with McDonald came as young boys, sneaking into the Markham Arena to watch *Hockey Night in Canada* tape a between-periods feature called Showdown — a penalty shot competition. McDonald broke a stick in the competition, and the boys trundled it off home as a souvenir, amazed at the weight.

The NHL was in an era of dynasties. And many members of that cup-winning Flames team likely figured that their 117-point squad would win again and again, as Edmonton had done, and the Islanders before them, and the Canadiens before them.

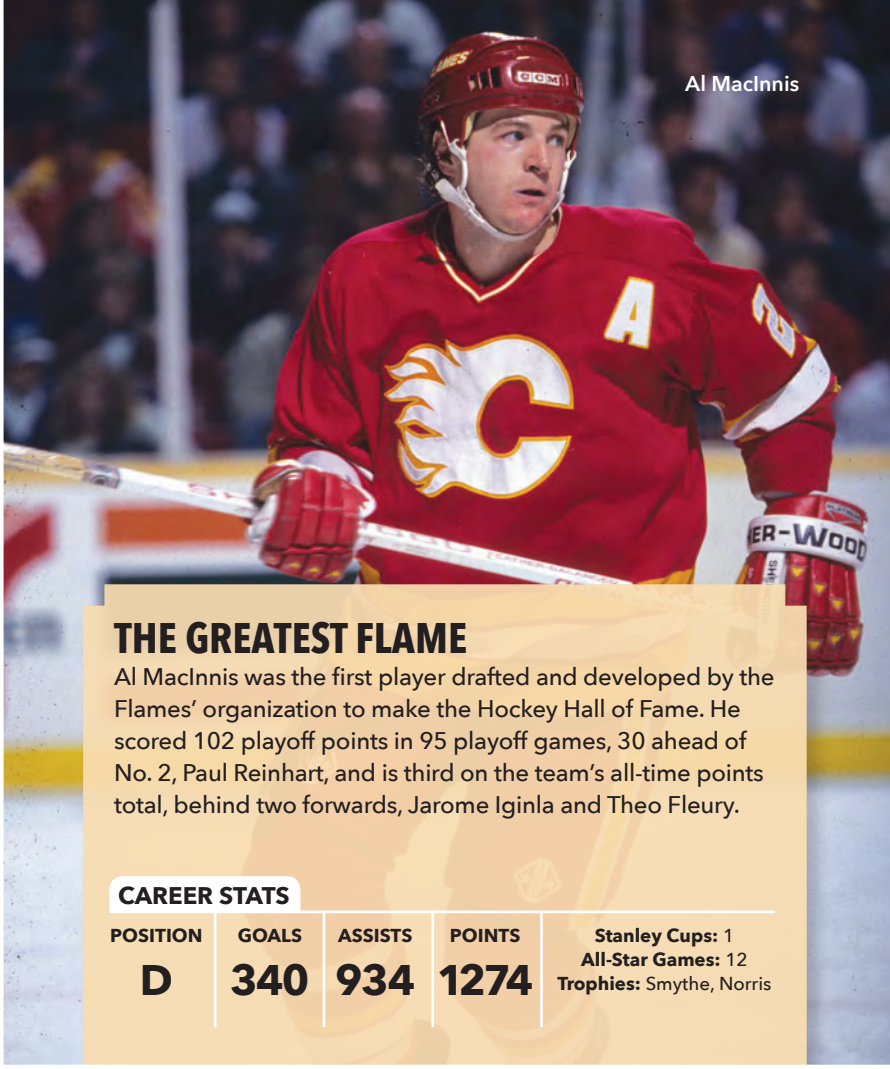
It wasn't to be — and, maybe because of that, because of its singular nature, it is a moment thoroughly embedded in time, and in the collective memories of Calgary fans, even almost three decades later.

Eric Duhatschek is a *Globe and Mail* sportswriter. He spent twenty years covering the Calgary Flames.

CANADIAN PRESS: HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

CANADASHISTORY.CA

Lanny McDonald celebrates the Calgary Flames' 1989 Stanley Cup victory over the Montreal Canadiens.



Al MacInnis

THE GREATEST FLAME

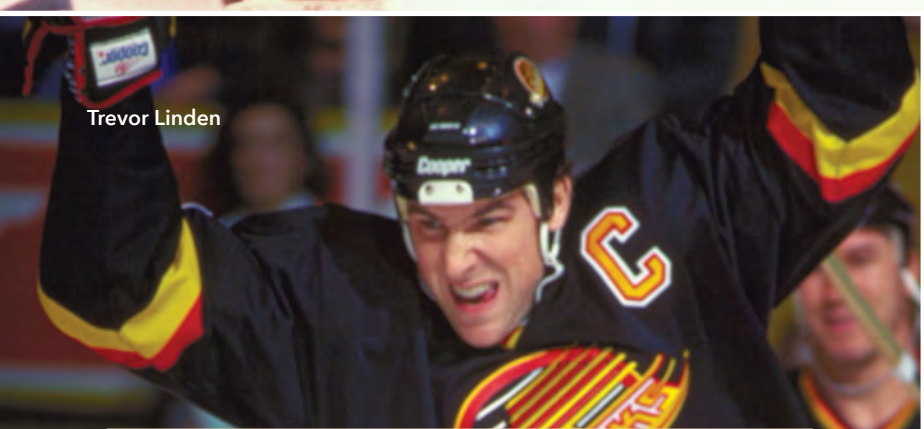
Al MacInnis was the first player drafted and developed by the Flames' organization to make the Hockey Hall of Fame. He scored 102 playoff points in 95 playoff games, 30 ahead of No. 2, Paul Reinhart, and is third on the team's all-time points total, behind two forwards, Jarome Iginla and Theo Fleury.

CAREER STATS

POSITION	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	
D	340	934	1274	**Stanley Cups:** 1 **All-Star Games:** 12 **Trophies:** Smythe, Norris

The Calgary Flames' Mike Vernon lies on the ice while Russ Courtnall of the Montreal Canadiens battles with Joe Mullen during the 1989 Stanley Cup series.

Nathan LaFayette (25) shoots but unluckily hits the post in the final minutes of game seven of the 1994 Stanley Cup final against the New York Rangers.



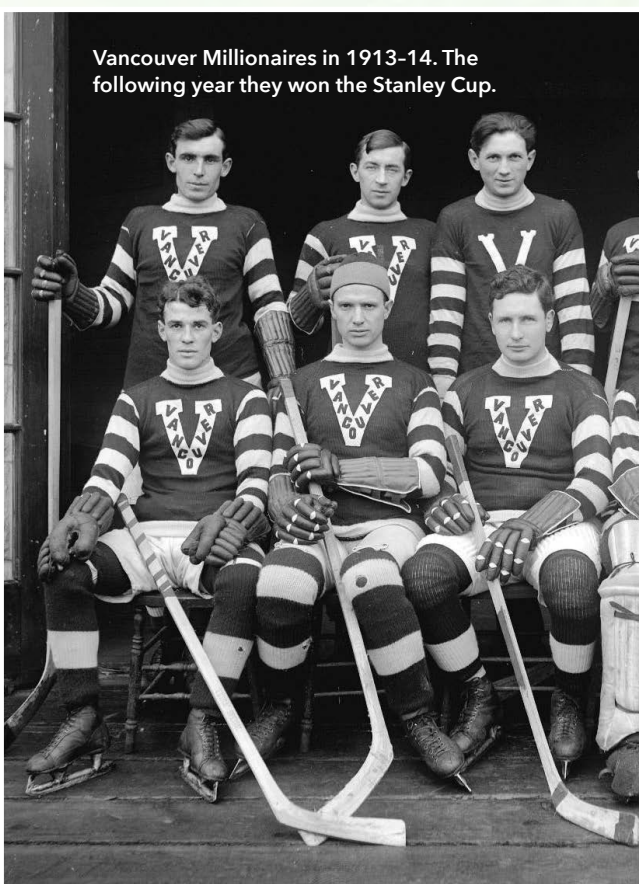
Trevor Linden

THE GREATEST CANUCK

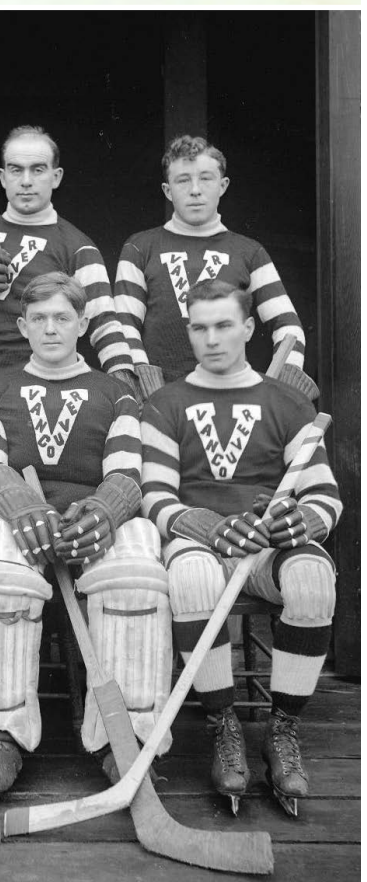
There were faster and more exciting players, and better scorers, but no one embodied the qualities the Vancouver Canucks – or any team – would like to be known for the way Trevor Linden did. His draft selection in 1988 was a turning point. His ability, work ethic, and character, combined with a tireless commitment to his community, established a unique bond between player and fans.

CAREER STATS

POSITION	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	
RW	375	492	867	**Stanley Cups:** 0 **All-Star Games:** 2 **Trophies:** Clancy



Vancouver Millionaires in 1913–14. The following year they won the Stanley Cup.



GETTY IMAGES; HOCKEY HALL OF FAME; CITY OF VANCOUVER ARCHIVES

FOR WHOM THE POST CLANGS

UNLUCKY CANUCKS SEE CUP DREAMS DASHED OFF THE IRON.

BY IAIN MACINTYRE

If you search the Internet for Nathan LaFayette, Google helpfully suggests "Nathan LaFayette post." It's like "post" became LaFayette's hyphenated name on June 14, 1994.

It is difficult to distill the Vancouver Canucks' unsuccessful forty-six-years-and-counting chase of a Stanley Cup into a single moment, but LaFayette's close-range shot that rang the post in game seven of the final against the New York Rangers will do. For a franchise still known primarily for its failures, despite several spells of excellence over the last twenty-six years, the Canucks have managed to amass a handful of great victories.

Game six against the Rangers in 1994 — won 4-1 by the Canucks three days before the 3-2 loss in Manhattan in the series finale — is regarded by many Canuck fans as the greatest game ever played in Vancouver — at least, since the Vancouver Millionaires won the cup in 1915.

In their run to the 2011 final, when the Canucks were easily the National Hockey League's best team, until they blew two chances to win one game against the Boston Bruins for the Stanley Cup, Vancouver survived the first round by beating the Chicago Blackhawks on Alex Burrows' epic overtime goal in game seven.

Similarly, it was Pavel Bure's stunning overtime winner in game seven of the first round in 1994 that capped a cathartic comeback against the Calgary Flames and helped to rebrand a Canucks franchise that had existed until then mostly as a punch line.

Still, for a club that is 0-3 in cup finals, the greatest game in franchise history rightfully should be a loss. And since the improbable 1982 playoff run by an average Canuck team was really like a lottery win, and there is little noble about the team's collapse in 2011, we are left to think about that memorable 1994 final against the Rangers.

No one in Vancouver can ponder that without recalling, not entirely without horror after all these years, LaFayette's unlucky one-timer against the post with about six minutes remaining in game seven and the Canucks down by a goal. Trevor Linden, the greatest Canuck, who played one of his greatest games that night, recalled the police escort his team was given to Madison Square Garden. As for the rest of us, we remember the stifling heat and humidity that day and the incredible tension inside the arena as New Yorkers worried that the Canucks would deprive the Rangers of their first Stanley Cup in fifty-four years.

This game was not only the end of a Stanley Cup final for the ages, it would be the end of an era for the NHL, which would soon be dulled for a decade by the "neutral-zone trap" and defensive, stifling hockey. The 1994 final was enthralling attacking hockey.

The Rangers twice led by two goals in game seven, and twice Linden scored to lift the Canucks within one. People forget that Murray Craven nearly tied it for Vancouver on a late deflection, and Marty Gelinas should have made it 3-3 when he hit the side of the net with Ranger goalie Mike Richter beaten. People forget because, a few minutes later, LaFayette pushed his shot onto the post to Richter's left after a terrific set-up by Geoff Courtnall.

The near-miss defined not only the Vancouver Canucks but the unfortunate LaFayette, who as a twenty-one-year-old rookie had arrived in Vancouver that spring in a trade from St. Louis. Fleet and hard-working as a player, but limited, LaFayette's NHL career would last only 187 games. He retired from hockey in 2000 and went on to become an insurance company executive.

"When someone does plunk a finger at me, I don't take it personally because I also did do a couple of good things in those playoffs," LaFayette told the *Globe and Mail* many years later when asked about his defining moment. "It's pro sports. You're measured in the public eye on your performance."

Had LaFayette's shot gone in and his team lifted the Stanley Cup that night, his goal would have been one of the biggest in franchise history.

Instead: Clang! The bell tolled, as always, for the Vancouver Canucks.

Iain MacIntyre is a columnist with the *Vancouver Sun*. He has covered the Canucks since 1991.

GAME-CHANGER

THE MATCH THAT DEFINED THE OTTAWA SENATORS AND ITS LONG-SERVING CAPTAIN. *BY WAYNE SCANLAN*

Occasionally, a single game will change the image of a franchise and its marquee player. For the Ottawa Senators, it was game five of the 2007 Eastern Conference final against the Buffalo Sabres.

The events of May 19, 2007, cast off the Senators' playoff demons and helped to make an icon of thirty-four-year-old captain Daniel Alfredsson. Alfredsson, who had been the subject of trade rumours the previous fall, could not have scripted a sweeter story of redemption. A year earlier, the Swedish-born player led a Senators team that tied a franchise record with 113 regular season points, only to lose a first-round series to the Sabres in five games. The lasting image: Buffalo's Jason Pominville skating around Alfredsson to score the game-winner shorthanded while the Senators were on a power play.

Those 2005–2006 Senators were considered by many to be the finest Ottawa team since the modern franchise was granted in 1992. However, in 2006 an injury to legendary goaltender Dominik Hasek during the Turin Winter Olympics in Italy left the Senators vulnerable — and Buffalo took full advantage, beating backup goalie Ray Emery.

The stunning defeat left some in the Senators organization wondering if Alfredsson was a worthy leader. The Senators had lost three playoff series to Buffalo, including a 1999 sweep, and had suffered four straight series losses — between 2000 and 2004 — to the enemy Toronto Maple Leafs. Hopes raised, then crushed.

In their brief playoff history, nothing was more painful for Senators fans than losing to their Ontario neighbours. The Leafs, with their "original six" history and exhaustive media coverage, beat Ottawa in the most exasperating ways. In 2002, the Senators were ahead 3-2 in the series and 2-0 in game six when Senators defenceman Ricard Persson slammed Leafs tough guy Tie Domi into the boards, causing Domi's forehead to erupt with blood. During the ensuing penalty, the Leafs tied the score, and they went on to win the game and the series.

Alfredsson, the only Senators player to participate in each of the franchise's playoff games to that point, was the face of the Senators in their first run at being a competitive team. Now, it was a long, sad face.

Despite the disappointment, general manager John Muckler stuck with his captain, and it paid off. Alfredsson, alongside centre Jason Spezza and left winger Dany Heatley, formed the most prolific line in the NHL in 2006–2007. With a show of power and symmetry, the trio led the NHL with twenty-two playoff points apiece. Alfredsson was the top scorer with fourteen goals.

None was bigger than Alfredsson's tenth goal of the playoffs in a decisive game five against the favoured Sabres. The division rivals had battled evenly, somewhat cautiously, for sixty minutes. What followed in overtime was a play any Senators fan from that era can recite from memory: Alfredsson, on a seemingly harmless one-on-three situation, cleverly firing a low shot against the flow of play to beat Sabres goaltender Ryan Miller to the glove side.

The Senators bench emptied, the players eagerly embracing their role in team history. It had been eighty years since an Ottawa hockey club had reached a Stanley Cup final — in 1927 the Ottawa Senators beat the Boston Bruins. The original Senators with Cy Denneny and Frank Nighbor were a dominant team in the 1920s, winning four cups between 1920 and 1927. In all, Ottawa teams won eleven cup championships, including four straight by Frank McGee and the Ottawa Silver Seven from 1903 to 1906.

Now, the franchise craved some modern glory.

When the Senators landed in Ottawa that night, more than a thousand fans jammed the airport charter terminal to hail the conquering heroes. Senators cars parted a sea of red and white as fans chanted and snapped photos. At the wheel of his car, a grinning Alfredsson, the first European-born player to lead an NHL club to the cup final, rolled down his window and offered high-fives to approaching fans.

Although Ottawa would lose to the Anaheim Ducks in the Stanley Cup final, at that moment all that mattered was that history had been made.

Wayne Scanlan has covered professional sports for the *Ottawa Citizen* since 1987.

THE CANADIAN PRESS; REUTERS; HOCKEY HALL OF FAME; ICEHOCKEYWIKIA.COM

CANADASHISTORY.CA

Ottawa Senators, 1927–28.

Ottawa battles Washington in 2009.

Daniel Afredsson

THE GREATEST SENATOR

For most of their first twenty-five seasons, the Ottawa Senators battled to create their own tradition and history, in tough against their "original six" neighbours in Montreal and Toronto. In captain Daniel Alfredsson, the Senators found their first modern-day icon – a leader, a role model, and the face of the franchise.

CAREER STATS

POSITION	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	
RW	444	713	1157	**Stanley Cups:** 0 **All-Star Games:** 6 **Trophies:** Clancy, Calder

The puck slides past Buffalo Sabres goalie Ryan Miller during the NHL's Eastern Conference final series against the Ottawa Senators on May 19, 2007.

Left: Senators Dany Heatley and Daniel Alfredsson celebrate the series-winning goal.

Members of Team Canada escort Alan Eagleson to the team bench after his scuffle with Soviet police during game eight of the Summit Series in Moscow on September 28, 1972.

Bottom Right: Yvan Cournoyer embraces Paul Henderson after the latter scores the winning goal of the 1972 Summit Series.

Phil Esposito

THE GREATEST SUMMIT PLAYER

Phil Esposito was the best player on Team Canada in 1972 because he was the team leader early in the tournament and remained that way, inspiring his teammates in their darkest hours. The hall of fame centre scored thirteen points (seven goals and six assists) in the eight-game Summit Series.

CAREER STATS

POSITION	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	ACHIEVEMENTS
C	717	873	1590	**Stanley Cups**: 2 **All-Star Games:** 10 **Trophies:** Hart (2), Ross (5), Lindsay (2)

GETTY; HOCKEY HALL OF FAME

COLD WAR SCORE

FOR CANADIANS, PAUL HENDERSON'S SHOT IN THE FINAL SECONDS OF THE CANADA-U.S.S.R. SUMMIT SERIES WAS SIMPLY THE GREATEST GOAL EVER SCORED. *BY RED FISHER*

An eight-game series involving professionals from the National Hockey League and the Soviet Union's "amateurs" started on September 2, 1972, in Montreal. Twenty-seven days later, the teams were in Moscow's bedraggled Luzhniki Ice Palace — with the series tied at three wins, three losses, and one tie — awaiting the start of a Cold War-on-ice final game.

Team Canada had to win two straight games in Moscow to play the winner-take-all game eight on September 28. Three thousand Canadians travelled to Moscow for the final four games of the series. Millions more watched on television as Paul Henderson scored in the game's final minute to complete the comeback 6–5 victory.

I don't know what you were doing when it was all over — or how you felt — but you had to be in the ice palace to truly understand the moment. It was as emotional as it gets.

It was Team Canada players leaving the ice, forefingers pointed skyward, and Canadian fans — so many of them weeping — while breaking into an emotional "O Canada." It was goaltender Ken Dryden skating frantically down the ice to join the entire team, which had fallen on Henderson in a beautiful tangle of love.

The most frequently used phrase right after this classic comeback was "off the floor." "We came off the floor," said assistant coach John Ferguson. The phrase still resonates today.

The Soviets had gone into the third period with a two-goal lead but seemed dazed after Phil Esposito scored his second goal to make it 5–4.

Suddenly there was a scramble in the Soviet goalmouth. In the thirteenth minute, Yvan Cournoyer scored one of the biggest goals of his life — but the red goal light didn't go on. The referee had his arm raised to signal the goal, but not everybody saw it. Alan Eagleson, the executive director of the National Hockey League Players' Association, was furious, thinking it would somehow be ruled "no goal."

Eagleson barged forward from the stands but was stopped by a wall of Soviet police. One officer shoved Eagleson. He shoved back. In an instant, he was grasped firmly by a half dozen police and half-pushed, half-dragged to the closest exit.

Noticing Eagleson's plight, several Team Canada players scrambled to free Eagleson, pulling him over the boards and onto the ice to escort him to the Canadian bench. It was then that the doors opened at each end of the arena to allow dozens more police to enter, rifles slung over their shoulders. Within a few minutes, the Soviet police stood shoulder-to-shoulder in a tight, menacing ring around the entire group.

There is no way of knowing if this incident had any effect on the players, but I suspect it did. After two periods of struggling to stay alive, after starting the third period down two goals, Team Canada found the inspiration to play as it never had before.

Henderson had scored the winning goals in games six and seven. In the final minute, he found himself in front of the Soviet goalie, Vladislav Tretiak. He shot ... and there was a rebound. He jumped on it and shot again. The light wasn't on, but the players raised their sticks. Dryden skated down the ice, and the players spilled over the boards. Canadians in the crowd were on their feet, staring at each other in disbelief. Strangers hugged one another among a red sea of Canadian flags.

This Summit Series finale wasn't the best-played game ever. Emotions — and elbows — were high throughout the match. At one point, Canadian players threw chairs on the ice over a disputed penalty, and Canadians in the crowd rose to their feet, chanting: "Let's go home! Let's go home!"

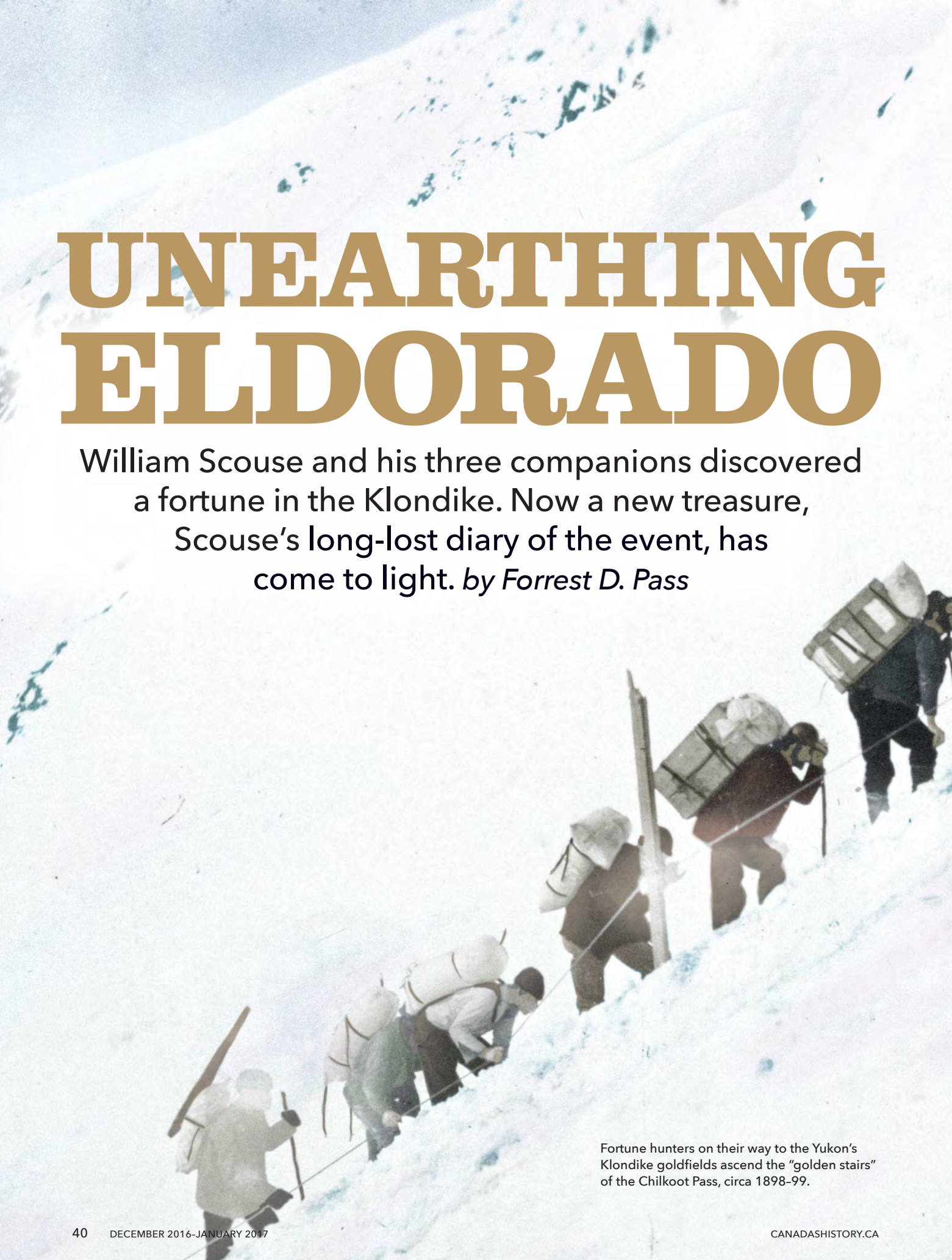
So, what made this victory so special?

At the time, I had been covering major sports events for nearly twenty years. Involvement was something I avoided then — and always have since. A team wins, a team loses; hockey is only a game. But, I must admit, I was on my feet with the rest of the Canadians following the Henderson goal. Some of the shrill cries were my own. The Canadians who were there, and those who weren't, still remember it as the greatest goal ever scored.

Retired *Montreal Gazette* sportswriter Red Fisher began covering hockey in 1954.

UNEARTHING ELDORADO

William Scouse and his three companions discovered a fortune in the Klondike. Now a new treasure, Scouse's long-lost diary of the event, has come to light. *by Forrest D. Pass*



Fortune hunters on their way to the Yukon's Klondike goldfields ascend the "golden stairs" of the Chilkoot Pass, circa 1898–99.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Winter freeze-up was fast approaching when William Scouse wrote his last letter from Hunker Creek, a once-rich tributary of the Klondike River in the Yukon. As the days shortened and the frost lingered, he contemplated the journey south for the winter, as he had every autumn for fifteen years.

"I think the last boat will leave here in about two weeks," he wrote to Ellen Hunter, his young niece in Vancouver. "So if I am coming out will have to be coming soon." He eagerly anticipated a reunion with his family in Vancouver and Seattle.

The trip would be his last. Three weeks after he wrote to Hunter, on October 23, 1918, "Uncle Will" boarded the Canadian Pacific Railway steamship *Princess Sophia* in Skagway, Alaska. Two days later, the ship foundered on the Vanderbilt Reef near Juneau. All 353 passengers and crew, William Scouse among them, drowned in the icy waters.

The wreck of the *Princess Sophia* was not only a personal tragedy for the victims and their loved ones, it was a catastrophe for the Yukon Territory itself. On its last run of the season, the ship carried many of the region's leading citizens. Their loss brought the long, lingering aftermath of the Klondike gold rush to an abrupt end.

Many of *Princess Sophia*'s victims had lived in the Yukon since the heady days of the gold rush, and when they drowned they took with them their memories of the territory's early days. Scouse was himself a sourdough, having arrived in the Yukon Valley some months before the celebrated Bonanza Creek gold discovery of August 1896. With his companions, he staked a claim on Eldorado Creek, one of Bonanza's tributaries — or "pups." The claim proved fabulously rich, and Scouse died a wealthy man. His story became a favourite local anecdote, recounted in numerous histories of the Klondike.

Unbeknownst to historians, Scouse kept his own account of the Eldorado discovery in the form of a tiny pocket diary, carefully pre-

served by his descendants in the state of Washington. The Canadian Museum of History has acquired the diary, along with Scouse's personal and business papers and a collection of jewellery fashioned from raw gold nuggets, presumably extracted from his claims.

Never intended for a wide readership, Scouse's diary is practical in content and spare, even understated, in style. But it is exciting as a heretofore unknown first-person account of one of the Klondike's most significant strikes.

The late nineteenth-century Yukon attracted restless wanderers, and Scouse was no exception. One of many sons of a Scottish butchering family, Scouse was born in Linwood, near Glasgow, in 1861. At the age of nineteen, he left home for America, and apparently worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania before moving west to the Washington Territory in 1883. Shortly thereafter Scouse settled in Nanaimo, on British Columbia's Vancouver Island, and stayed for over a decade.

AT BENNETT LAKE, THERE WAS TIME FOR THE WEARY TRAVELLERS TO BATHE, USING A GOLD PAN AS A BASIN. HOWEVER, THEIR REST WAS BRIEF.

On Vancouver Island, as in Pennsylvania, coal was king. Scouse readily found employment as a miner with James Dunsmuir's Canadian Collieries. He did well enough working for Dunsmuir to purchase property in the burgeoning new city of Vancouver, just across the Strait of Georgia, which would prove a wise investment in the years to come. He was also a well-connected citizen of Nanaimo and an active member of several fraternal lodges and service clubs.

What Scouse lacked in formal education he made up for with his keen eye for geology. The first of three small notebooks in his collection documents a prospecting trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands (today, Haida Gwaii) that Scouse undertook in the summer of 1895. The goal of this expedition was to identify coal deposits and clay beds, the latter perhaps to provide raw material for the ongoing construction of coke ovens at the Vancouver Island collieries. Scouse's account of that trip is rich in geological detail, and this practical experience in identifying mineral formations would serve him well in the Yukon.

After a summer in the wilderness, Scouse was restless again, but he found a new project quickly. By Christmas of 1895, he had started a second diary, in which he compiled information on the new Yukon goldfields. Although the Bonanza Creek discovery and the stampede of 1898 were still in the future, hardy prospectors were already at work in the far northwest, and their efforts were bearing fruit. "These gold fields are proving to be most extensive, the precious metal having been discovered on nearly every tributary of the Yukon for several hundred miles," Scouse observed.

The winter of 1895–96 was unusually harsh in typically temperate Nanaimo, and the diligent Scouse devoted his spare time to research. He combed newspapers and drafted lists of necessary provisions. He ordered maps of the region through the mail and noted distances and travel times. He studied gold mining equipment and sketched a plan for a rocker box, the trusty tool of the western placer miner. The rocker box, also known as a cradle, is an implement that helps to separate tiny gold nuggets from sand and gravel.

As a new adventure presented itself, a past chapter closed. On February 4, 1896, Scouse was laid off from the colliery; he received his final pay four days later, and never again would he work as a wage labourer. The timing couldn't have been better, as Scouse had already determined that early spring was the best time to leave for the Yukon. On March 4, he and three companions — Nanaimo resident Thomas Flack, British-born coal miner John Wilkinson, and Nanaimo dry goods merchant William Sloan — left for Alaska.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Left: Gold seekers at Bennett Lake, British Columbia, build boats that will take them hundreds of kilometres north down the Yukon River to Dawson and the goldfields of the Klondike, circa 1897–98. While the gold rush was on, a large tent city numbering thousands sprang up on the shore of the lake. The surrounding area was soon stripped of trees.

Above: Prospector William Scouse, circa 1903. The photo was taken in London during one of his business trips to England. He was a director of the British mining company that purchased his claims.

Arriving a week later at Dyea, at the foot of the Chilkoot Pass, Scouse and his friends faced the daunting challenge of transporting their outfit across the treacherous fifty-three kilometres to Bennett Lake, whence they could travel down the Yukon River by boat.

Two years later, would-be prospectors would ascend the Chilkoot and White passes in an unending single file, carrying as much as they could to the summit before trudging back to the base of the pass for another load. Scouse's party did not have to compete with ill-prepared stampeders, but the process of moving their outfit was much the same. It took over a month to transport everything from Dyea to Crater Lake, just beyond the Chilkoot summit.

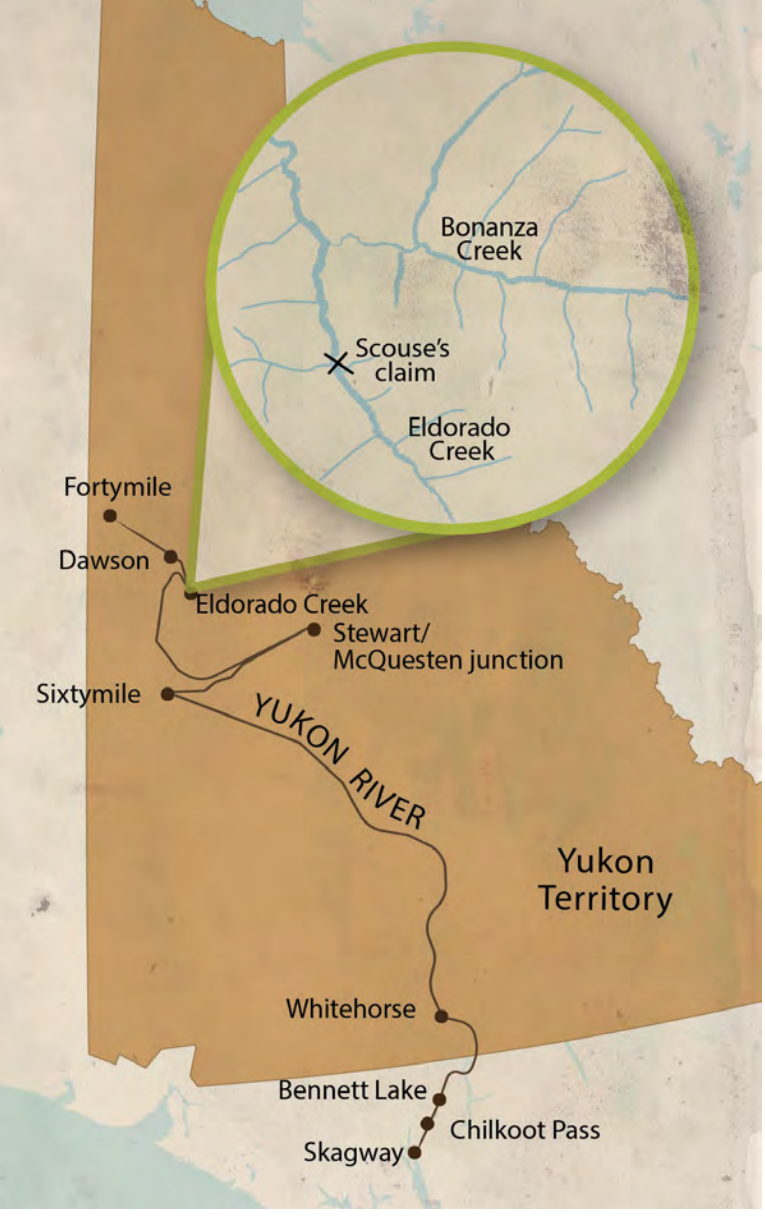
They may have accomplished the task sooner had the men not lost several days labour to snow blindness, a danger even the well-prepared Scouse had not anticipated. "All staying in camp," he wrote on April 16. "Some having sore eyes and some afraid of getting sore eyes."

At Bennett Lake there was time for the weary travellers to bathe, using a gold pan as a basin. However, their rest was brief, for the four men immediately set to work building boats for the descent of the Yukon River. They found good timber and established a makeshift shipyard up a creek a short distance from the lakeshore. Through May and June, the party built four boats, three of them nearly ten metres long to carry the four men and their supplies on the large rivers and a smaller craft for exploring shallow creeks. The smaller, lighter boat with shallow draught proved particularly useful as they moved their outfit down the creek and over a sandbar to the shore of Bennett Lake in anticipation of their departure.

On June 11, Scouse and his companions left Bennett Lake. Their destination was the Stewart River district, where prospectors had found gold over a decade before. Remote as it was from the more densely populated regions of North America, the Yukon even before the gold rush was hardly an uncharted wilderness. Scouse noted his party's encounter with Northern Tutchone people, near the confluence of the Stewart and McQuesten rivers, who were eager to trade dried moose meat for some of the prospectors' tobacco and tea. Newcomers were also much in evidence, both prospectors and those who had come to supply them.

The journey up the Stewart River proved disappointing. Using poles to push the boats against the current was difficult —

CANADIAN MUSEUM OF HISTORY



The route taken by William Scouse and his companions as they searched for gold in the Klondike.

"our boats … were built to go downstream," noted an exasperated Scouse — and the low water levels of late summer did not help matters. Moreover, the creeks yielded but little gold, worth only one cent to the pan, in a promising bar along the McQuesten. With autumn approaching, they quit the Stewart country. To reach the McQuesten from the Yukon River had taken the party the better part of a month of arduous poling. The trip downstream to the Yukon River trading post at Sixtymile, some two hundred kilometres, took a mere four days. "It is a very hard stream to go up and a very swift one to come down," Scouse wrote.

Exciting news awaited them at Sixtymile. Two weeks earlier, on August 16, 1896, two Tagish men, Dawson Charlie and Skookum Jim, and their American brother-in-law, George Washington Carmack, had discovered gold in Rabbit Creek, which Carmack promptly rechristened "Bonanza Creek." The new goldfields lay near the confluence of the Yukon and Klondike rivers.

The news travelled quickly, so Scouse, Wilkinson, Flack, and Sloan raced to arrive ahead of other gold seekers. The urgency was palpable in Scouse's diary entry for September 4. "Arrive at Sixty Mile at 3 P.M. [only] stay a few minutes as all the men have left from [Klondike] 50 miles further down the river to a new strike so we follow suit and until dark to reach it before [too many] men get in and get a claim."

Until this point, Scouse had been diligent in keeping his diary. For the month of September, however, the excitement of the discovery apparently kept him too busy to write. In early October, a trip to the North West Mounted Police detachment at Fortymile to record his claims gave Scouse the interlude necessary to take up his pencil once again.

Bonanza was already entirely staked by the time they arrived, but the party staked claims on its pup, Eldorado. What creek frontage remained would not be unoccupied for long. At Fortymile Scouse encountered some two hundred men awaiting the arrival of the steamboat, with the provisions that would allow them to survive the winter. The steamer itself had between one and two hundred passengers.

Scouse and his friends dragged their boat loaded with a tonne of fresh supplies from Fortymile up the now-frozen Yukon River to Eldorado Creek, a distance of over eighty kilometres. They arrived only to find that a bear had broken into their cabin and made off with a two-month supply of food. Improvements to the cabin, including a new door, took precedence over the work of sinking mine shafts.

Five shafts soon penetrated Eldorado No. 14 and 15, plunging three metres or more down through black muck toward the bedrock. The temperature dropped to twenty-three degrees below zero Celsius, and snow fell almost daily. Scouse's briefer and briefer diary entries suggest a single-minded focus on the task at hand and hint at discouragement. "Still sinking but no prospect yet," he wrote on November 6. Two days later, "Still working at shafts yet but no gold in sight." On November 10, some twenty-five-cent pans, then thirty-cent pans the next day. These were better than those one-cent pans on the Stewart River but did not yet compare to the treasure of Bonanza. The real find was yet to come.

Until the discovery of Scouse's diary, the principal account of his Eldorado discovery was that recorded by the British prospector and big-game hunter Major Nevill A.D. Armstrong. Armstrong arrived in the Klondike in 1898, and his anecdotal account of Scouse's exploits has become the stuff of legend. "What the hell do you think you've sent up, the Bank of England?" Armstrong has Scouse, manning the windlass at the head of the shaft, shout to his friend in the darkness below. Pierre Berton, who relied upon and further embellished Armstrong's reminiscences, described that first bucket of paydirt as studded with nuggets "like raisins in a pudding."

Scouse's diary recounts a more gradual and suspenseful process. By November 14, with the temperature now about thirty below, a real strike seemed imminent. "We have got good pay dirt in one of our holes," wrote Scouse, "We paned [sic] $35.00 in 11 pans yesterday and $90.00 in a few more pans today." Ever cautious, he added, "we are in a fair way to do well if it holds out."

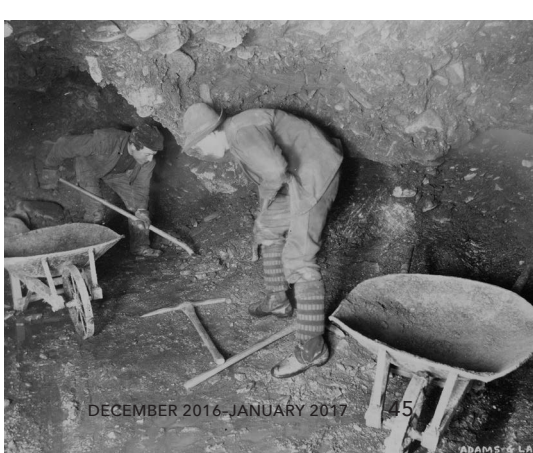
And hold out it did, but not immediately. As the weather improved slightly, Scouse took a few days off from the shafts to fetch some supplies by sled. This task was completed on November 25, and he took the following day to stake an additional claim in a nearby gulch. Building a winter cache and fixing up the cabin oc-

LEFT: MAP ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GILLESPIE. ABOVE RIGHT: GLENBOW ARCHIVES. BELOW RIGHT: LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA. BELOW FAR RIGHT: VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

Above: A hand-tinted lantern slide shows miners at work at Eldorado in the Yukon, circa 1898–1900.

Left: A miner pans for gold in the Yukon during the Klondike gold rush, circa 1897–1908.

Below: Miners work underground at No. 16 Eldorado, a claim adjacent to one staked by William Scouse.



Above: A hand-tinted lantern slide depicts a shipment of gold about to leave Dawson City, Yukon, circa 1898–1900.

cupied him on November 27. "Frost and cold but able to work every day yet," he wrote cheerfully on December 2. On December 3, new gold findings warranted mention: two pans, one worth about five dollars and a second worth just over six.

The day evoked so vividly by Armstrong and Berton was likely December 4, 1896. "Mild with a little snow," Scouse's diary entry began, before reciting a litany of pans worth as much as twenty dollars. The next day, as they scraped ore from the bedrock, the best pan yielded over forty-five dollars.

In 1896, gold traded at about nineteen dollars an ounce, so Scouse's forty-five dollar pan contained almost two and a half ounces of gold. Today, with gold trading above $1,200 an ounce, this single pan of gravel would have been worth almost $3,000.

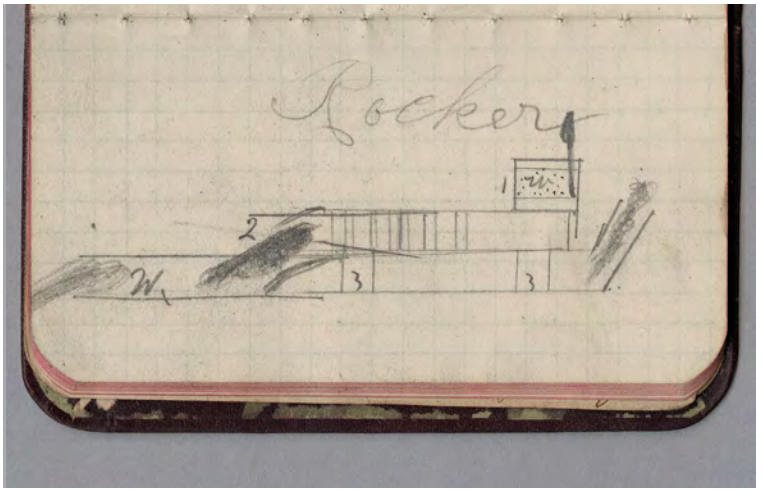
After December 5, Scouse's diary became a simple account book, so busy were he and his partners in shovelling and washing gravel. Each day for the rest of the year, he recorded only a tally of the value of the gravel panned. On December 6, twelve pans yielded $272.78 in gold, with a value today of over $17,000; the best pan the next day gave $122.18, or almost $8,000 today.

Scouse and his companions thus joined the select group of miners who would make their fortunes in the Klondike. "Nos. 14 and 15 Eldorado are considered the banner claims on the creek," reported a local newspaper in 1898, "and the 'pans' will average with the best taken from any other claims in that section."

The successful Klondike prospector squandering his new-found riches on champagne baths and the affections of dance hall girls is a pervasive, and in some cases accurate, stereotype. The Scouse party, however, avoided this fate. Although Scouse's diary ends in 1896, an accompanying collection of business correspondence shows that he was sufficiently savvy to avoid losing his fortune.

According to Nevill Armstrong, a shadowy British company bought out Scouse's Eldorado syndicate in 1898. Armstrong also

GLENBOW ARCHIVES



Above: A necklace made of gold nuggets owned by William Scouse. Below: A drawing of a rocker box from Scouse's diary.

recalled that two of the partners — Wilkinson and Sloan — quit the country with their earnings. Both returned to British Columbia, where Wilkinson reportedly disembarked at Victoria in July 1899 burdened with some ninety kilograms of gold. Wilkinson eventually returned to his hometown of Weardale in a lead-mining region of northern England, where he purchased property. Sloan settled into politics, serving as British Columbia's minister of mines and provincial secretary. Flack, the fourth partner, found his way to Vancouver and invested his gold earnings in real estate — the Flack Block in downtown Vancouver is named after him.

Scouse chose to remain in the Klondike and accepted shares in the British company instead of cash in payment for his claims. Armstrong suggested that this was a foolish decision, because the company folded shortly after and the shares became worthless.

Scouse's own business papers tell a slightly different story. Indeed, a British company, Klondyke Consols Limited, assumed control of Scouse's claims in 1899. However, Scouse's papers indicate that he was not a gullible dupe of unscrupulous capitalists. Rather, he served as Klondyke Consols' local director and travelled to England at least four times over its six-year life to meet with his business associates. He was an active participant in the company's organization and affairs.

Klondyke Consols Limited was liquidated in 1905, but its demise did not leave Scouse destitute. He had continued to invest his earnings in real estate in the south, increasingly in the Seattle area, where he wintered after marrying his American wife, Zidania, around 1903. According to his wife's testimony at a lawsuit for compensation following the sinking of the *Princess Sophia*, Scouse made an average of $10,000 a year. His wife also revealed that Scouse supported his widowed sister, Jennie Hunter, and her two children, providing them with about fifty dollars a month for over twenty years.

SCOUSE'S DIARIES AND PAPERS OFFER CLUES AS TO WHY SOME PROSPECTORS SUCCEEDED WHILE MOST FAILED.

But every spring something kept Scouse coming back to the Yukon. With his brothers, he continued to mine the creeks and gulches of the Klondike watershed, perhaps hoping for the next big strike, perhaps satisfied with smaller, post-gold rush returns. At his untimely death in 1918, Scouse had lived in the Yukon longer than anywhere else. His family would maintain placer claims in the territory into the 1940s.

Scouse's diary is a remarkable eyewitness account of a spectacular discovery of gold during the frantic first months of the last great North American gold rush. But it reveals as much about the man who wrote it as it does about the event. Where so many of the Klondike stampeders were unsuited to prospecting, Scouse was a seasoned miner with a practical knowledge of geology who had researched the country where his party would travel. They were well prepared for the challenges they would face. Being in the right place at the right time allowed him to stake what proved to be one of Eldorado Creek's richest claims. But it was his business acumen that allowed him to profit from the discovery.

Scouse died childless, but his extended family kept his diaries, correspondence, and gold nugget jewellery for almost a century. His personal effects were handed down from his sister, Jennie Hunter, to his niece, Ellen, and then to his grand-niece, Janet Graves, who preserved the materials in her home in Olympia, Washington, until she passed away in 2013. The estate of Janet Graves offered the collection to the Canadian Museum of History in 2014.

Scouse's diaries and papers offer clues as to why some prospectors succeeded while most failed. Their unexpected rediscovery sheds new light on the adventures of a legendary figure of the Klondike gold rush.

// See more photos at CanadasHistory.ca/Goldrush

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Artist C.W. Jefferys' watercolour of Quebec City's winter carnival, which began in 1894. The carnival draws from the winter celebrations of New France.

SEASON OF GOOD CHEER

THE EARLY EUROPEAN EXPLORERS OF NEW FRANCE DREADED THE LONG AND DEADLY WINTERS. BUT FOR THE PEOPLE WHO CAME TO STAY, WINTER EVOLVED INTO A TIME OF ADAPTATION, CELEBRATION, AND EVEN GOOD HEALTH. *BY MAIRI COWAN*

WINTER WAS AN ARDUOUS SEASON FOR THE EARLY COLONISTS IN NEW France. The bitter cold froze cider in barrels, wine in chalices, and ink in inkwells. Even the great St. Lawrence River turned to ice, severing transatlantic routes. Icy, isolating, and inevitable, winter was central to how people thought about New France. As Samuel de Champlain put it, "it was difficult to know this country without having wintered there."

Those who wrote about winter, once their ink had thawed, were often surprised by the severity of the season. Their geographical knowledge had led them to believe that the similar latitudes of New France and Old France would mean similar climates as well. Jacques Cartier stated confidently that the two regions were "lying in the same climates and parallels." The Jesuit Pierre Biard was more aware of a gulf between theory and observation when he wrote that New France should have the same seasons and temperature as France, but that it nonetheless must be admitted that New France is colder.

Writers suggested a variety of explanations for the climatic divergence. Some attributed the cold to the direction of winds, or to the height of the mountains. According to Biard, New France was cold because it was watery and because it was an uncultivated "infinite forest." He was ignoring the fact that thousands of hectares of land actually were under cultivation by Iroquoian farmers, but perhaps he was hopeful that winter would become milder once the French did more farming.

Henry Walsh Mahon made this illustration of the effects of scurvy while serving as a Royal Navy surgeon on a ship going to Australia in 1841.

Winters did not grow milder, or at least not much. "All the winters are very cold in this country," Marie de l'Incarnation, an Ursuline nun who arrived in Quebec in 1639, wrote to one of her counterparts in France. As the new inhabitants learned how to live in their wintery land, winter went from being a season of death for the first French explorers, to a season of adaptation for the curious colonists of the mid-seventeenth century, to a season of robust good health for the rapidly growing population of Canadiens. With assistance from the First Nations and a growing appreciation for the differences between Europe and North America, the inhabitants of New France pushed away the mortality of winter and learned not just to endure the season but to engage with it.

A 1574 woodcut of the four humours. An imbalance was thought to cause disease.

Jacques Cartier's report of his 1535–36 voyage conveyed an optimistic assessment of "fertility and richness" in the St. Lawrence Valley. Winter, when it came, left a sharper impression. Snowfalls accumulated to a metre or more, rising above the bulwarks of Cartier's ships, and these ships became trapped in the thick ice of the river from the middle of November until the middle of April.

The expedition's most serious problem was scurvy. The legs of the afflicted grew inflamed, their sinews contracted and became black as coal, and they "had their mouths so tainted that the gums rotted away down to the roots of the teeth, which nearly all fell out." Cartier reported that by the middle of February fewer than 10 out of the original 110 were still in good health. The disease was unknown to Cartier — he was apparently unaware of the problems Portuguese explorer Ferdinand Magellan encountered with scurvy during his 1519–22 voyage to circumnavigate the globe.

Cartier had the body of one of the victims opened to see what he could learn. His observations were not comforting: "A large quantity of dark, tainted blood" issued from above the dead man's heart, his lungs were gangrened, and his spleen looked as if it had been rubbed on a rough stone. Rather than seek help immediately for the sick and dying, Cartier actually made his men work harder, forcing them to hammer away noisily below decks. He did this to avoid appearing weak to the Iroquoian-speaking people who lived in the area. Cartier was suspicious to the point of paranoia about the motivations of Donnacona, the leader of the Stadaconans who lived in a number of villages in the vicinity of present-day Quebec City.

Despite Cartier's misgivings, a remedy finally came from the very people he mistrusted. Dom Agaya, one of Donnacona's sons, told Cartier that he had been cured by the juice from the leaves of a tree called *annedda*. When Cartier asked if there were any nearby, Dom Agaya sent two women with Cartier to gather the leaves and demonstrate their use. The fact that not more than twenty-five of the French succumbed to scurvy is surely thanks to the medical advice of Dom Agaya, whose *annedda* — possibly white spruce — saved many lives. And yet Cartier gave his thanks to God for the cure, not to the people who actually provided it.

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES (UNITED KINGDOM). ARSGRAVIS.COM

In the following century, Samuel de Champlain read Cartier's accounts and therefore knew something of what to expect from a Canadian winter. He was still caught ill-prepared, however, when the French expedition led by Pierre Du Gua de Monts attempted a settlement on Île Sainte-Croix (in modern-day Maine) in 1604. He admitted that "winter came upon us sooner than we expected and prevented us from doing many things we had intended." Snow started to fall at the beginning of October, the colonists were short of food and fuel, and again they were devastated by scurvy. Champlain described symptoms reminiscent of those suffered by Cartier's men, including rotting flesh in the mouth, loose teeth, pains in the limbs, and severe weakness. "In brief," he said, they "were in such a state that the majority of the sick could neither get up nor move, nor could they even be held upright without fainting away."

By late winter, thirty-five of the seventy-nine were dead, and more than twenty were dying. Champlain had bodies cut open, but he could find no cause for the disease, and soon even the surgeons fell ill. The French thought to use the same remedy that Dom Agaya's people had provided to Cartier, but the local Indigenous people did not know of the *annedda* from Cartier's account. It is unclear if the Wapaponiyik (also known as Wabanaki) peoples did not use the same remedy or if they could not understand what the French were asking, since their Algonquian languages were completely different from that of Donnacona's St. Lawrence Iroquoians. The interpreter on the voyage, an African or Luso-African named Mathieu Da Costa, might have been able to explain the problem, but unfortunately he did not leave an account.

The incidence of scurvy among the French is not surprising from the perspective of modern medicine, given the shortage of vitamin C in their foods. The seventeenth-century writers who tried to understand the disease relied on both ancient authority and first-hand experience, and at least some noticed the connection with winter and its diet. Marc Lescarbot, an author and lawyer who accompanied de Monts and Champlain on an expedition in 1606–1607, thought that scurvy was caused by salted meats and bad provisions in general, combined with poor air and a generally unhealthy disposition in the body. His humanist leanings can be seen in his emphasis on the bad effects of "melancholic" meats that produce "melancholic" blood and in his drawing upon classical authorities such as Pliny and Galen. He observed that the disease appeared only in winter, a fact he linked to the ancient medical theory of the humours: As winter arrived, "vile and excessive humours" drew inward, feeding "that black and bilious humour, which is especially abundant at this season, and … produces its effects at the patient's expense." It was for him in accordance with both reason and personal experience that "the tender herbs of springtime" were "a sovereign remedy."

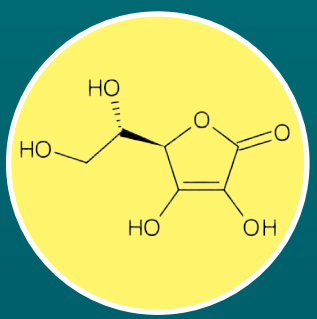
Champlain, less inclined to cite medical writers of antiquity, said the disease "comes altogether from eating too much salt food and vegetables which heat the blood and corrupt the inward parts." He noted that these foods were provisions for the winter, and he thought that winter furthermore "checks the natural heat and causes greater corruption of the blood." He too observed that the sick recovered in the spring, which "made us believe that the change of season restored them to health rather than the remedies which had been prescribed for them."

SCURVY TIMES

Scurvy starts with malaise and lethargy and advances to bleeding gums, loose teeth, bruised skin, exhaustion, severe pain, swelling, fever, convulsions, and, if left untreated, death. Throughout history, it often struck people during harsh winters or long sea voyages.

THE CAUSE

A lack of vitamin C (ascorbic acid) brings on the disease. Discovered in the 1930s, vitamin C is required for making collagen, a protein found in connective tissue. Without collagen, the body literally falls apart.



THE CURE

Vitamin C is found in fresh foods such as fruits, vegetables, and even raw meat. In the dead of winter, evergreen trees will do. In 1536, Indigenous people taught Jaques Cartier how to use leaves and bark from "the tree of life" to treat scurvy.

THE BEER

The Acadians stayed healthy with spruce beer. Try making your own with 200 grams of spruce tree shoots, 2 litres of water, 40 grams of yeast and 40 grams of sugar. Combine the ingredients and set aside to ferment for several days. *Santé*!

Winters had undermined early French attempts at settlement, but the settlers would endure once they adapted to the cold and learned from their Indigenous neighbours.

During his first winter at the new site of Port-Royal in 1606–1607, Champlain took a creative approach to providing fresh local food. His "Order of Good Cheer" held a banquet each evening, at which a variety of dishes were presented by members. Their entrance followed that of a member in charge, who marched in rather grandly with a napkin on his shoulder, the wand of office in his hand, and the collar of the order around his neck. Such a ceremony surely did much to raise morale, and the food that each member procured once every fifteen days helped to achieve the more basic objective of survival. Contributions included duck, goose, partridge, lark, caribou, otter, bear, and raccoon; Lescarbot declared moose the most tender, beaver tail the most delicate. Lescarbot also pointed out that the scourge of scurvy still killed four of their men who were "either downcast or slothful," though according to Champlain everyone found the food beneficial to his health "and more profitable than all sorts of medicine we might have used."

That winter at Port-Royal was milder than the one at Sainte-Croix had been, but the first winter at the habitation of Quebec in 1608–1609 was very hard. A "great gale" and a "heavy fall of snow" came in mid-November, but then the snowfalls stopped, creating a serious problem: The local Montagnais (Innu), accustomed to hunting large game in the winter, could not take advantage of deep snows to track and chase their prey. These allies of the French were now themselves at the edge of starvation, and in an unusual turn of events it was the newcomers who shared some of their provisions. Then scurvy struck again, making eighteen sick and killing ten, while five others died of dysentery. Of the twenty-eight colonists who had been at Quebec in the fall, only eight lived through the winter. But the French remained, their gardens and farms providing ever healthier provisions.

Sixty years later, Marie de l'Incarnation wrote that they were harvesting wheat to last them all winter and that they were preserving plums in sugar and honey. A more detailed account of seasonal food preservation is given in Claude-Charles Bacqueville de la Potherie's *Histoire de l'Amérique septentrionale*, where he says they salted herbs for soup, arranged salad greens and vegetables in cellars that became like little kitchen gardens, and provided for themselves meat, fowl, and game, which would be conserved frozen for the whole winter. Some even filled their cellars with winter snow so that they could keep meat fresh and beer cool through the summer months.

Very cold winters could damage or kill fruit trees brought over from Europe, but trees bearing wild fruit survived. The French colonists were becoming less like the European trees that were vulnerable to the cold of a Canadian winter and more like the native plants that could withstand the climate. They were being grafted onto a North American stalk. This grafting helped them develop what is sometimes called "traditional ecological knowledge," a cumulative body of site-specific knowledge about how living things are related to one another and to their environment.

Such knowledge did not always come easily. When the Jesuit missionary Paul Le Jeune wintered with the Montagnais in 1633–34, his inability to endure the cold astonished his hosts. He said that he was so frozen building shelters that only fire could thaw him. When he assured the Montagnais that he really was very cold, they felt his hands. "Finding them quite frozen, touched with compassion, they gave me their warm mittens and took my cold ones," he said. After helping Le Jeune in this way several times, they told him not to winter any more with them, for it would kill him.

Le Jeune had clearly not developed much traditional ecological knowledge during that one winter, but over the course of many seasons the settlers in New France did learn. They had a lot of help from those who already possessed a lot of traditional ecological knowledge,

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Artist C.W. Jefferys' lithograph of Samuel de Champlain's Order of Good Cheer. Indigenous participants provided much of the food.

as is clearly shown in the area of transportation. Champlain described how the Montagnais used snowshoes during their winter hunts, tracking moose and other animals through deep snow: "When they go hunting they make use of certain racquets, twice as large as those of our country, which they attach under their feet, and with these they travel over the snow without sinking."

It was not long before the French colonists adopted this means of travelling, too. The Jesuit superior of Quebec wrote in 1626 that the French in Quebec crossed the snow on snowshoes, saying, "this is the custom in this country" in imitation of the Indigenous people. Imitation was not always easy — when Le Jeune first put on the "*raquettes*," he thought with every step that he would fall with his nose in the snow — but snowshoes were essential for getting around. Louis Armand, Baron Lahontan, who served with the French military in Canada, asserted that without snowshoes it would be impossible to hunt or even to go to church because of the depth of snow. He also calculated that a person walks much faster with snowshoes than on a built road.

For those who could adapt to its demands, winter became not only survivable but enjoyable. Even Le Jeune, with his cold hands and his limited snowshoeing abilities, grew to enjoy winter. He wrote in his *Relation* of 1633, rather poetically, "I see daylight a great part of the winter only through ice. The crusts of ice gather upon the win-

dows of my cell or little room, and fall like a lozenge, or a piece of glass, when the cold relaxes. It is through this crystal that the Sun sends us his light." He also found large pieces of ice formed by his breath on his blanket in the morning, and if he forgot to shake them off they would still be there in the evening. Le Jeune admitted that in France he almost would have believed that Canada was unbearable, but he insisted that, while "some days are very cold and penetrating," they are few, and the remaining days are "more than tolerable." He added that "the Sun is warmer than in many parts of France," and that the least activity generally banishes the rigour of the cold. Some of his activities seem distinctly playful, such as in this charming description of a practice still familiar to many today: "How often, when coming to a hill or a mountain which I must descend, I have rolled down to the bottom on the snow, experiencing no other discomfort than to change for a little while my black habit for a white one, and all this is done with much laughter."

A Canadien on snowshoes in 1722, from an illustration in *Histoire de l'Amérique septentrionale*.

When not rolling down snowy hills, the inhabitants of seventeenth-century New France could enjoy winter performances of plays and ballets, sometimes assisted by Jesuits and young women from the Ursuline convent. Those looking for a more solemn observance could attend Christmas midnight Mass at the Jesuit chapel, which featured singing in four-part harmony accompanied by viols and flute. *Le Journal des Jésuites* for 1645 describes two Frenchmen who started drinking while waiting for the service to begin one year and who were drunk by the start of the Mass. They were perhaps a bit early for Christmas cheer. Inebriation was probably more common following Christmas, and especially in the opening days of the new year, when people visited one another on foot and by sled. Cheerful celebrations continued through to Epiphany on January 6, on the eve of which Robert Giffard, seigneur at Beauport, offered to the Jesuits the gift of "hypocras," a spiced wine. From there the merriment continued into carnival and its licentious conclusion at Mardi Gras in February or March.

Were the hardships of winter diminishing? An interesting mid-seventeenth-century opinion was provided by Pierre Boucher, governor of Trois-Rivières. Boucher said that the cold is a bit bitter but not disagreeable: It is a cold that is cheerful, and most of the days are beautiful and serene. In truth, he assured his readers, the snows in Canada are less troublesome than the mud in France.

Boucher also addressed the subject of winter in what might be seen as a precocious FAQ, but subtitled using the rather longer phrase "Answers to questions that were made to the Author while he was in France." To the question of how cold winter really is, the author answered that some days are very harsh, but that this does not prevent anyone from doing what they have to do: They wear more clothing than normal, and they make good fires in their houses. In response to the question about what inconveniences are found in Canada, Boucher laid out, in descending order, what he judged to be the most inconvenient things. The number one most inconvenient thing about Canada was the presence of the Iroquois, who posed a risk when the French were hunting, fishing, or labouring in the fields. The second in rank of inconvenience was the mosquito — mosquitoes were in great abundance during three months of summer, he warned. It is only when he gets to the third inconvenience that Boucher mentions winter, and even here it is not winter itself but the season's length of five months that is worthy of inclusion. Winter may have been an inconvenience, but it was no longer at the very top of the list.

When Pierre Boucher was assuring his readers that Canadian winters were less of a problem than the mosquitoes of summer, he was confronting a well-established reputation. Marie de l'Incarnation explained to her brother that, when she was still in France, Canada was presented to her as "a place of horror," the "suburbs of Hell," and the most contemptible country in the world. Eighteenth-century Swedish naturalist and traveller Pehr Kalm reported that winter had made some of the French doubtful about whether they should take Quebec back following the Kirke brothers' occupation of 1629–32: "The greater part were of the opinion that to keep it would be of no advantage to France, because the country was cold…. Those on the other hand who had more extensive views knew that the climate was not so rough as it had been represented."

Those with the "more extensive views," as Kalm put it, often countered the Canadian winter's bad reputation with claims for the season's health-giving properties. Pierre Boucher and François de Laval, Quebec's first bishop, both stated that winter air was very healthy. Barthelemy Vimont, Jesuit superior of the mission in Canada, declared that tender and delicate girls who dread a snowflake in France are not afraid to see mountains of snowflakes in Canada, and that the long Canadian winter does them no harm other than to keep them in a good appetite. Jesuit priest and historian Pierre-François-Xavier de Charlevoix said simply that we do not know of any climate in the world more healthy than this one.

People's health during winter may well have been improving. The foods that they gathered, grew, and preserved certainly kept scurvy away. Their homes also became better suited to the climate. The beds in Marie de l'Incarnation's convent were like armoires that could be closed to keep in warmth, and the smoke rising through four chimneys came from the burning of 175 cords of wood each winter. Baron de Lahontan's observation about chimneys in houses

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A watercolour by William Henry Edward Napier shows people having a grand time tobogganing down Mount Royal in Montreal in 1864.

being extraordinarily large because of the prodigious fires suggests that many inhabitants drew on the abundant resources of the forest. By the mid-eighteenth century, buildings were being warmed by the more efficient heating of a wood-burning stove, either made of brick or stone and covered with an iron plate, or made entirely of iron and cast at the ironworks at Trois-Rivières.

Even with this new technology, houses were often cold. Some had single- or double-paned glass windows, but others had windows made of paper. Homes were often built of stone, but stone walls were poor insulators. According to Kalm's *Travels into North America*, wealthy people in Quebec City said that a strong winter wind "pierces through walls of a moderate thickness, so that the whole wall on the inside of the house is covered with snow, or a thick hoar frost; and that a candle placed near a thinner wall is almost blown out by the wind which continually comes through."

Whatever the discomforts, winter by now had a certain appeal. Charlevoix wrote glowingly of the "agreeable society" of the mid-eighteenth century, whose members made promenading parties sledding on snow or skating on ice. This provided a fitting reply to French philosopher Voltaire's sneering dismissal of Canada as "a few acres of snow" and accords well with Charlevoix's own Enlightenment ideals for the inhabitants of New France: "Canadians, that is to say, the Creoles of Canada, breathe at their birth an air of freedom which makes them very agreeable in commerce and in life."

An engraving in Bacqueville de la Potherie's *Histoire de l'Amérique septentrionale* illustrates how the Canadiens had adapted themselves quite nicely to their wintry world. While the author's description of winter in the early eighteenth century was still tinged with desolation — he wrote of the sadness of an empty, frozen harbour and of people scurrying like ants to make provisions for a long winter — his somewhat lugubrious tone is offset by the illustration entitled *Canadiens en Raquette allant en guerre sur la nege*.

In the picture, a man stands in a snowy landscape. He is well dressed with warm clothing and, of course, his feet on *raquettes*. Vapour rises from his pipe, suggesting either his tobacco smoke or his frosty breath, or perhaps both. His vesture and pipe are North American, not European, as befits a Canadien so clearly confident on the land. His hands, strangely, are not wearing mittens, yet they suggest self-assurance as one holds a long gun while the other rests on a hip. His face is turned toward the sun. Heir to a history of death, of adaptation, and of vigour, this Canadien is entirely at ease with wintering in New France.

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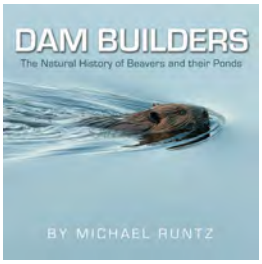

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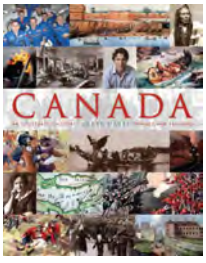

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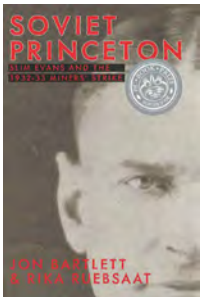

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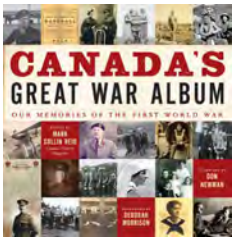

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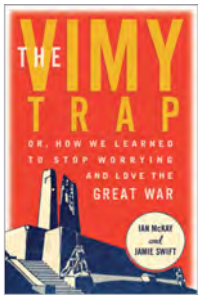

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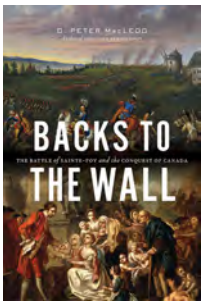

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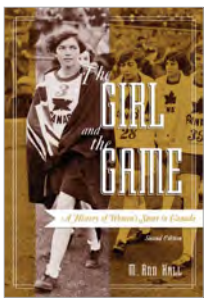

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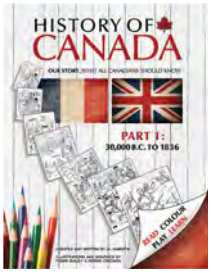

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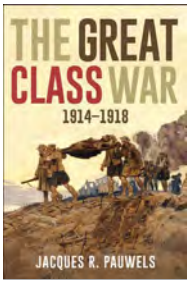

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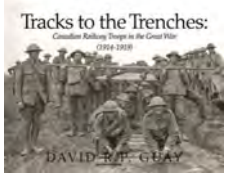

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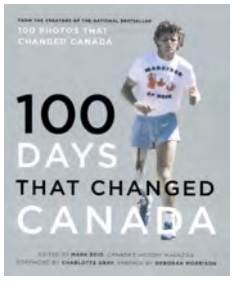

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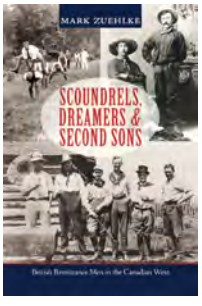

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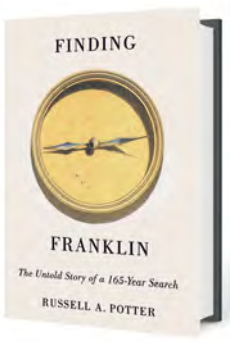

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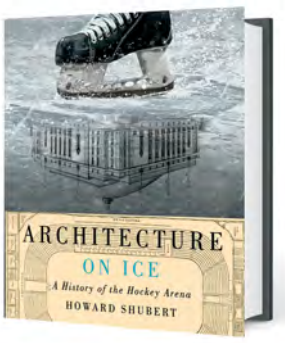

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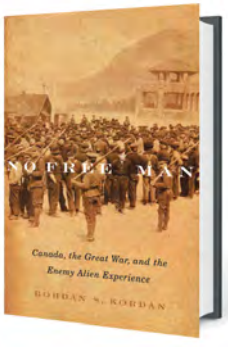

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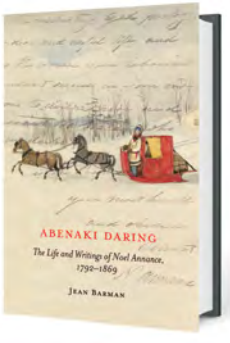

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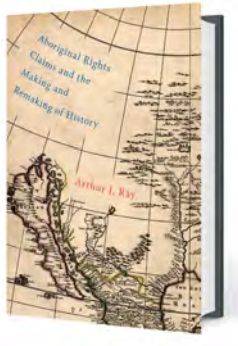

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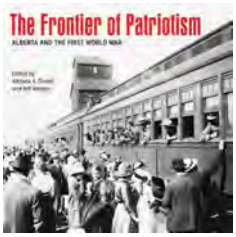

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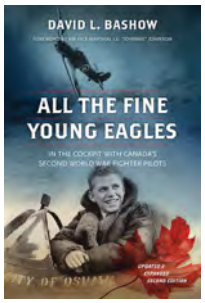

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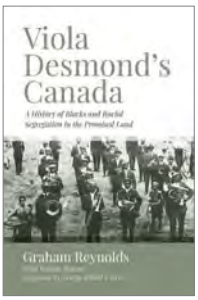

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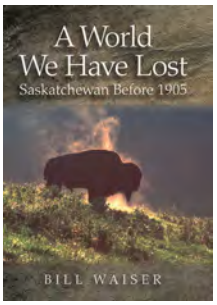

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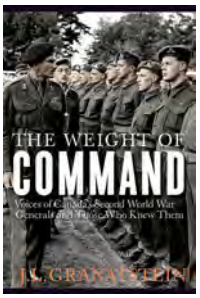

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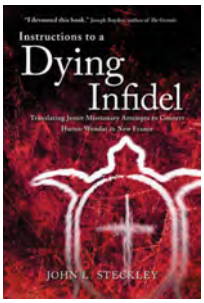

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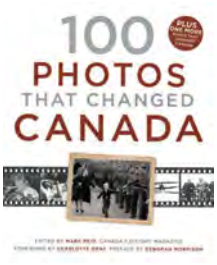

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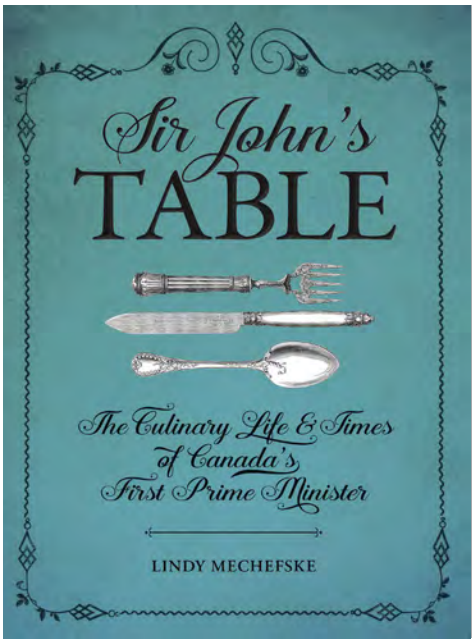


WINING AND DINING

Sir John's Table: The Culinary Life & Times of Canada's First Prime Minister

by Lindy Mechefske
Goose Lane Editions,
232 pages, $19.95

I remember a visit to Sir John A. Macdonald's Bellevue House, a National Historic Site in Kingston, Ontario. As a young lawyer and politician, Macdonald rented the spacious Italianate villa in 1848 in the hope that it would improve his first wife Isabella Clark's ill health. What I remember vividly is walking through the gardens with a tour guide who wore the costume of that era complete with a Huckleberry Finn straw hat. This increased the sensation that Sir John himself was in the garden enjoying a moment of peace while inspecting the quality of the season's produce, such as "bloody butcher" corn, "Long Island cheese" pumpkin, and "golden russet" apples.

In *Sir John's Table*, author Lindy Mechefske transports readers to a time when food was "a constant challenge for the pioneers and settlers" in Upper Canada, when there were no stoves to be had and no refrigeration. Mechefske, a food journalist who has published a cookbook, grew up in England but has called Kingston her home since 2001. She became interested in writing a biography of Macdonald, who had himself emigrated from Scotland to Kingston with his family in 1820 when he was five years old.

In her book's introduction, she asserts that "culinary history, a topic largely overlooked, is increasingly well respected as an aspect of cultural heritage." In fact, Mechefske's archival research revealed an abundance of fascinating nineteenth-century food stories, which she used for *Sir John's Table*.

Following chapters with amusing titles such as "Passage to Upper Canada: Bring Your Own Biscuits" and "A Roast Duck Dinner Saves the Dominion" are heritage recipes copied from popular Canadian cookbooks of the nineteenth century, including the oddly titled *The Cook Not Mad; Or Rational Cookery*, by "Anonymous." From this volume we are treated to the recipes "Bread Pudding" and "Oysters Fried."

> Macdonald, ever the creative politician, used picnics during his campaign tours through towns and villages to gain the ears of colonists and, he hoped, their votes.

As Mechefske relates, oysters were a delicacy so sought-after that, by the end of the century, the eastern seaboard was depleted of these mollusks, which were packed in barrels and shipped by boat or stagecoach to taverns, hotels, shops, and homes, including the prime minister's in Ottawa. Macdonald and his second wife, Lady Agnes Bernard, hosted weekly dinner parties where bowls of oyster soup were served from huge pots along with oysters fried, roasted, or stewed.

Picnics were popular in Victorian times, and Macdonald, ever the creative politician, used them during his campaign tours through towns and villages to gain the ears of colonists and, he hoped, their votes for his Conservative Party. Picnics were often attended by hundreds, and a partial listing of the "Bill of Fare for a Picnic for 40 Persons" from the 1861 *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management* gives some idea of the richness of the supplied food: roast beef, ribs of lamb, roast ducks, veal-and-ham pies, pigeon pies, lobsters, baskets of salad, cheesecakes, pound cakes, sponge cakes, and a half pound of tea. In Isabella Beeton's list, "Things Not To Be Forgotten at a Picnic" include quart bottles of ale plus bottles of sherry, claret, champagne, and brandy!

Mechefske skilfully portrays Macdonald as a charismatic man, driven by his political passion and gifted with both wit and a "huge heart." His daughter, Mary, who was born with a debilitating disease named hydrocephalus, had to be kept in a wheelchair. In 1873, when Mary was four years old and in the care of her maternal grandmother in Rivière-du-Loup, Quebec, Macdonald wrote her these delightful words: "The garden looks lovely just now. It is full of beautiful flowers and I hope you will see them before they are withered. There are some fine melons in the garden. You must pick them for dinner and feed the chickens with the rind. You remember that Mamma cut my hair and made me look like a cropped donkey. It has grown quite long again. When you come home, you must not pull it too hard."

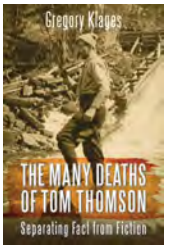
This attractively illustrated culinary biography of John A. Macdonald can lose itself at times in the gastronomic stories, but readers will nonetheless be nourished with much first-rate fare.

Reviewed by **Anne Cimon**, a Montreal freelance journalist who wrote the biography *Susanna Moodie: Pioneer Author.*

RIGOR MORTIS

The Many Deaths of Tom Thomson: Separating Fact from Fiction

by Gregory Klages
Dundurn Press, 256 pages, $26.99



The year 2017 marks the centenary of Tom Thomson's death. Interest in his iconic art has always been equalled by fascination with his rugged backwoods life and speculation about his mysterious death. In 2010, a *Globe and Mail* headline referred to him as "Canada's Van Gogh," with all the mesmerizing — and sometimes misleading — mythologizing that implies.

Thomson's decomposing body was pulled from Canoe Lake in Ontario's Algonquin Park on July 16, 1917, eight days after he was last seen alive. At the time, the coroner released a verdict of accidental drowning. With little hard evidence, it was perhaps inevitable that people would wonder exactly how this sad, sudden, and early loss — Thomson was thirty-nine when he died — came about. According to cultural historian Gregory Klages, "The difficulties inherent in answering the question, however, would make Thomson's death an increasingly compelling topic for speculation, conjecture, and gossip."

Currently an adjunct faculty member at York, Ryerson, and Guelph universities, Klages also worked on the website Death on a Painted Lake: The Tom Thomson Tragedy — which is part of the Great Unsolved Mysteries in Canadian History project, an award-winning online teaching resource. In *The Many Deaths of Tom Thomson*, Klages offers a detailed and rigorous review of the material on Thomson's death, carefully assessing the theories that have proliferated since 1917.

The possibility that Thomson's death was due to unnatural causes, Klages states, "appealed to a typically Canadian romantic pessimism." Suggestions of murder or manslaughter — included in high-profile works by journalist Roy MacGregor in the 1970s and curator and art historian Joan Murray in the 1980s — grabbed the public imagination.

There were dissenters. In *Tom Thomson: The Silence and the Storm* (1977), painter Harold Town griped that obsessive speculation about Thomson's death was obscuring his artistic legacy. Co-author David Silcox floated the idea that Thomson might have fallen while urinating over the side of his canoe, but many deemed this an unfitting end for such a towering Canadian figure. Currently, the mystique of murder is so strong — especially when hints of conspiracy and cover-up are added — that accidental death is dismissed by many commentators "as something only the quaintly gullible might believe."

Klages concentrates on primary documents, some of which have become available only in the last fifteen years, and on contemporary witness accounts, casting a skeptical eye on the often-dramatic versions of events that circulated for decades after Thomson's death. The author is wary of the potential pitfalls of oral history, especially when it involves distant memories or local rumours. And he is particularly hard on "the sloppy use of untrustworthy evidence," which can enter into written accounts and eventually come to be seen as truth through dint of repetition.

This detailed takedown sometimes makes for dry reading; but then meticulously dismantling a historical myth is never quite as glamorous as building one up.

Klages seems unnecessarily stern about artists, writers, and musicians who have used semi-fictionalized representations of Thomson to explore notions of creativity, nature, or Canadianness. These people are not working as historians, after all, and perhaps they shouldn't be held to the same stringent standards.

Klages himself occasionally resorts to discussing the plausible rather than the proven, using phrases such as "It is entirely possible that…." In general, however, he hews very close to the known facts, and, even more crucially, he is clear about what he doesn't know. "No amount of research is going to offer a definitive solution," he admits.

The Many Deaths of Tom Thomson stands as both a conscientious case study and a larger investigation into what history can and cannot do.

Reviewed by **Alison Gillmor**, a Winnipeg journalist and art historian.

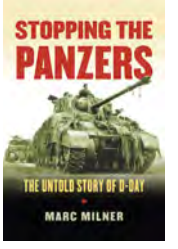
HEAVY FIGHTING

Stopping the Panzers: The Untold Story of D-Day

by Marc Milner
University Press of Kansas, 393 pages, $56.50

M4 Sherman Tanks: The Illustrated History of America's Most Iconic Fighting Vehicles

by Michael E. Haskew
Voyageur Press, 224 pages, $52



It's not surprising that Canadians suffer from an inferiority complex when it comes to the history of the Second World War: Canada's accomplishments are often ignored by omission, destroyed by brevity, or ruined by outright lies or fallacies.

One of these fallacies, as historian Marc Milner points out in his book *Stopping the Panzers: The Untold Story of D-Day*, is that "Canadian hesitancy and tactical ineptitude and superb German defending apparently checked the Canadian advance in the aftermath of D-Day."

Milner goes on to state that, according to American and British historians (and even a few of our own), German counterattacks forced the "timid Canadians ... into a defensive posture."

The true and untold story, he says, is vastly different and much more interesting.

"By the time the initial beach battles ended on 10 June 1944," writes Milner, "3rd Canadian Division was indeed stalled on its objective, just as historians have claimed. It was exhausted, battered

and down 3,000 men. But the Canadians were utterly unshaken, and they were surrounded by wreckage from three panzer divisions, one of them the most powerful panzer division in the west, filled with the elite of the Hitler Youth. When it was all over, it was the Canadians who held the ground that the Germans needed in order to defeat Overlord."

That is a story of Operation Overlord that is not normally presented to Canadians. Instead, we have often been told that our role in the invasion was that of a bumbling junior partner. And yet, as Milner shows so ably and in great depth, Overlord may well have collapsed following the D-Day invasion without the Canadians holding the British flank against the weight of German counterattacks.

Stopping the Panzers is a highly informative, detailed, and descriptive account of the defence of Operation Overlord. And while the entire 3rd Canadian Division, including infantry and artillery, played a role in stopping the panzers, it is in many ways a story of tank warfare and how the Canadian Armoured Corps — using the American-made Sherman tank — was not "cowed" by the panzers but instead went toe-to-toe with the most fearsome tanks of the Second World War — and won.

While the Sherman was smaller and had lighter armour and a lower-calibre gun compared to the German Panthers and Tigers, it was manoeuvrable and reliable. The Sherman was also a relatively simple vehicle suited for mass production and customization, as seen by the numerous variants, including the Firefly with its tank-stopping 17-pounder gun, the Crab mine-clearing tank, and the Duplex Drive amphibious tank.

Those characteristics, which certainly helped Canadian Shermans stop the panzers, also helped to make the Sherman "one of the most recognizable" and "widely used tanks," according to Michael Haskew in his *M4 Sherman Tanks: The Illustrated History of America's Most Iconic Fighting Vehicles*.

"Seventy-five years after the prototype entered its evaluation period in the United States, elderly Sherman tanks are still seen in service," writes Haskew. "From the Soviet Union to the Sinai, the Pacific to the Balkans, and the Mediterranean Basin to the hedgerows of France, the ubiquitous Sherman has compiled an incomparable service history and remains one of the most enduring and iconic weapons developed during the twentieth history."

The development and production of this iconic tank is undoubtedly an American story, but once the Sherman was distributed among the Allies its story became much broader: It was no longer just America's tank.

Haskew's text reflects this diversity as he explores the story of the Sherman from its roots in the First World War through to its use during the Second World War and beyond. Along with a detailed history of the Sherman, Haskew includes numerous vignettes drawn from the experience of many of the international regiments to use the Sherman — including, for example, the Winnipeg-based Fort Garry Horse.

Unfortunately, even though Haskew has written a rich and inclusive history, the title of his book and the numerous photographs used throughout don't reflect that.

The photographs, both black-and-white and colour, are excellent and do show this iconic tank in all of its stages, from production through to combat. However, the photographs of U.S. Army Shermans far outnumber the images of Shermans of other armies, including Canada and Britain — despite the many photographs of Shermans held in the archives of both countries.

As a result, this book stands as an example of how the Canadian experience has been omitted from the record, in this case the illustrated record. But, setting aside the imbalance in the imagery and the title, *M4 Sherman Tank* is a superb history on its own and an excellent companion to *Stopping the Panzers*.

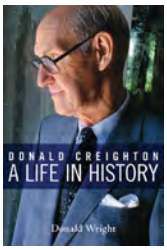
Where *M4 Sherman Tank* shares the overall history of this storied tank, *Stopping the Panzers* tells how Canadians used it to outstanding effect during and following Operation Overlord.

Reviewed by **Rob Alexander**, a Calgary-based writer and historian who is the author of *The History of Canmore* (Summerthought Publishing).

DISTINCTIVE THESIS

Donald Creighton: A Life in History

By Donald Wright
University of Toronto Press,
490 pages, $37.95



Donald Creighton (1902–1979) wrote about the history of Canada "as if it mattered." Biographer Donald Wright suggests that Creighton also matters and has produced an engaging portrait of a scholar and public intellectual who dominated his profession at mid-century but who came to be seen as quaint, even embarrassing, by many colleagues.

Wright tells the story of this complex and pivotal figure with sensitivity, respect, and a sharply critical understanding of his subject's self-inflicted shortcomings. Creighton's origins help to explain him: the proper Methodist upbringing in Edwardian Toronto (where "'God, king, and country' was not an empty phrase"), a classical education at Victoria College and Oxford, and the honing of an argumentative mind.

At the University of Toronto, Creighton rose professionally in "a department marked by strong personalities, ancient animosities, ambitious juniors, and brewing resentments." He scrambled for research funding, mostly in the U.S., carried a heavy teaching load, and strove to construct a vision of Canada that explained its history and gave it meaning.

This vision — Creighton's "Laurentian Thesis" — saw Canada as the product of its geography, from the St. Lawrence River and Laurentian Shield westward by rail to the Pacific. At the same time, Britain's imperial, commercial, and military ties to Canada forestalled the country's absorption by the United States. These twin realities, and not an urge to emulate the U.S. by separating from Britain, gave Canada its distinctive nationality and its reason for being in North America.

In his book *The Commercial Empire of the St. Lawrence* and his two-volume biography of Sir John A. Macdonald, especially, Creighton fleshed out his

very British framework of Canadian history. But Creighton's "Achilles heel," says Wright, was always his dismissal of the role of French Canada and First Nations people. Within his mythic framework, a form of "intellectual imperialism," they didn't count or were simply obstructions.

As Canada became a multicultural and bilingual nation after the Second World War, more aligned with the United States than a diminished Britain, Creighton stuck ferociously to his vision. Wright portrays Creighton as a stalwart product of his time — one for whom the new flag was another sacrilege — and offers an unflinching depiction of a great historian who "was always more comfortable in the nineteenth century than he was in the twentieth century."

Wright admires Creighton's scholarly and literary gifts. While thoroughly professional in his research, Creighton regarded history as a field of literature. His focus was on "a story to be told," with a vivid narrative flow. As Wright stated in his entry on Creighton in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, "among his contemporaries no other historian wrote as well or reached as many readers."

History was akin to another art form, says Wright. Creighton admired Wagner's operas, and his eleven books feature vast themes, heroic figures, sinister villains, and recurring motifs. By the 1970s, however, an embittered Creighton sensed impending twilight for Canada. He anticipated a tragic Wagnerian conclusion, with a divided Canada falling prey to cultural and economic takeover by the U.S.

Wright, an associate professor at the University of New Brunswick, has "lived" with his subject for years and is the master of this material. (He owns and uses Creighton's rustic writing desk, for example.) Wright also understands the importance of Creighton's wife, Luella, herself a published author. Her role is given full weight, including her own bibliography.

In this highly accessible biography, organized around the four seasons, Wright gives Creighton his due as an undeniably salient figure in Canada's intellectual history. In the process, he has created an invaluable guide for anyone who seeks to read and to understand Canada's preeminent historian.

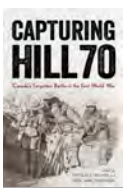
Reviewed by **Kevin Boatright**, a past president of the Midwest Association for Canadian Studies in the U.S. and emeritus director of external affairs in the Office of Research at the University of Kansas.

COURTESY NIMBUS PUBLISHING

SANDY OUTPOST The famous inventor Alexander Graham Bell, left, stands with Sable Island, Nova Scotia, superintendent Robert Jarvis Bouteillier in July 1898. Bell was visiting the island with his family in search of clues about the fate of friends who had been lost in a shipwreck earlier that month, and he and Bouteillier discussed ways to improve communication with the mainland. Jill Martin Bouteillier's *Sable Island in Black and White* (Nimbus Publishing, 134 pages, $15.95) contains dozens of intriguing images of life on the island, including many photos taken and developed by Trixie Bouteillier, who was Robert's daughter and Jill's great-aunt.

MORE BOOKS

Capturing Hill 70: Canada's Forgotten Battle of the First World War
edited by Douglas E. Delaney and Serge Marc Durflinger
UBC Press, 288 pages, $34.95



Capturing Hill 70 is an excellent new publication that explores one of Canada's least-well-known major battles of the First World War. Coming on the heels of the Battle of Vimy Ridge, the Battle of Hill 70 took place from August 15 to 25, 1917. During the fighting, more than 8,500 Canadian soldiers were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. It was also the first time the entire Canadian Corps was commanded by a Canadian — Sir Arthur Currie.

Co-editor Douglas Delaney outlines in his introduction how military historians and Canadians as a whole "have not yet rendered full justice to the tens of thousands of Canadians who experienced the fighting at Hill 70 and Lens, and who were marked by it."

Capturing Hill 70 provides an exceptional view of the Canadian Corps that had emerged from the Battle of Vimy Ridge. Each chapter is contributed by a different military historian who brings their own area of expertise to the subject. From Currie's leadership to the important role of transportation, medical services, and supporting fire, the book provides a first-hand view of an army at war. It also does an excellent job of situating the Canadian Corps within the British First Army and providing context for the war raging on the Western Front.

It's fortunate that there are dedicated Canadians committed to commemorating

the Battle of Hill 70. The book received significant financial support from the Hill 70 memorial charitable organization, which is also striving to construct a monument at the site of the battle. You can learn more and contribute to the project at Hill70.ca. — *Joel Ralph*

Invisible Immigrants: The English in Canada since 1945

by Marilyn Barber and Murray Watson
University of Manitoba Press,
293 pages, $27.95

As the title of this book implies, English-born immigrants to Canada have often been overlooked. Unlike immigrants from non-English-speaking countries, they didn't have to struggle to learn the language. Yet their British identity posed unique challenges, as the people interviewed for this book reveal.

The last great wave of English immigration to Canada took place from 1945 to the mid-1970s. In that period about half a million English immigrants started new lives in "the colony." Their departure, especially immediately after the Second World War, when England was struggling to rebuild, was not always appreciated. British Prime Minister Winston Churchill called them "rats leaving a sinking ship."

Their reasons for pulling up roots usually had to do with improving their lot. For instance, several years after the war was over, England was still rationing items such as meat, sugar, and fuel. In contrast, food and consumer goods were relatively abundant in Canada. In Britain, severe housing shortages also persisted long after the war, whereas in Canada housing was plentiful and reasonably affordable.

Like all new immigrants, the English had to adjust. Many experienced the humiliation of not being understood — or not understanding — because their accents and regional dialects set them apart. Some went so far as to take lessons to help to lose their British accents — usually without success.

A few faced open discrimination. Some Canadian employers, especially in the West, regarded them as unsuitable because of the perception that the English held superior attitudes, were work-shy, and were inflexible. However, most had positive experiences when it came to finding work and getting ahead. Their biggest challenge was often homesickness. The "$1,000 cure" — a return visit to England — often relieved that malady because it reminded them of why they had left.

Invisible Immigrants is somewhat academic in tone but is made highly readable by the voices of the many people the authors interviewed. — *Nelle Oosterom*

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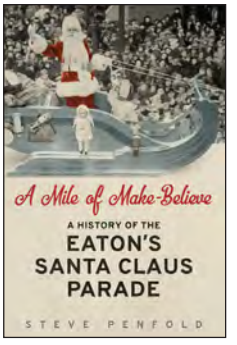
pages 56 to 61 of this issue!

New from University of Toronto Press



A Mile Of Make-Believe
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by Steve Penfold

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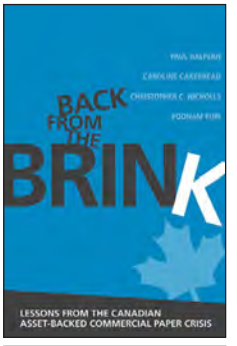
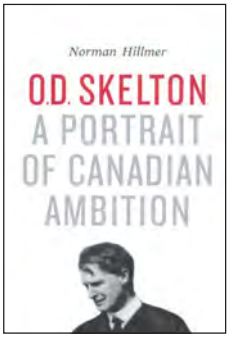


Back from the Brink
Lessons from the Canadian Asset-Backed Commercial Paper Crisis

by Paul Halpern, Caroline Cakebread, Christopher C. Nicholls, and Poonam Puri

Back from the Brink goes behind the scenes of the ABCP crisis to examine how a solution was reached and lessons learned that could prevent or mitigate future crises.



New in paperback

O.D. Skelton
A Portrait of Canadian Ambition

by Norman Hillmer

'From these fascinating pages, Skelton emerges as a clever, even brilliant civil servant who shaped Canada more than any cabinet minister in the interwar years and, at times, more than the prime ministers he served.'
John English, *University of Toronto*

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Advancing Knowledge

Canadian soldiers in Toronto send a message to men who won't volunteer for service, 1917.

The price of freedom

Upcoming anniversaries offer opportunity to learn from past mistakes.

Starting in January, Canada will start to wrap up a string of anniversary years. After commemorations of the War of 1812, the bicentenaries of the births of George-Étienne Cartier and John A. Macdonald, and the hundredth anniversary of the start of the First World War, we now mark the 150th anniversary of Confederation in 1867 and the centenary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge in 1917.

It will often be said in the months to come that Canada "became a nation" at Vimy Ridge. But victory at Vimy only happened because, in 1917, Canada was already a nation — one that could raise, equip, and send overseas a fighting force with the leadership and esprit de corps of a national army capable of fighting the Vimy battle. The events of 1917 that resonate most, I'd say, are the ones that occurred on the home front.

But first, some context. In 1917, Russia was collapsing, the French armies were near mutiny, the American forces had not yet arrived, and the Allies, including Britain and Canada, were stretched to the limit.

In May 1917, Prime Minister Robert Borden returned from the United Kingdom moved by the sacrifices of the troops and determined to redouble Canada's effort to support the war. With Canadian casualties greatly outpacing the rate of new recruits, Borden announced that the government would enact conscription. Since there were too few volunteers, Canadians would have to be forced to serve.

Conscription divided the nation. It brought "the seeds of discord and disunion," said Opposition leader Wilfrid Laurier. In the spring of 1917, more British-born Canadians served in the fighting forces than Canadian-born Canadians. Quebeckers were particularly determined not to be forced to fight. There were riots, political protests, threats of non-compliance, even rumours of assassinations.

A pro-conscription poster, circa 1917.

But the prime minister pushed conscription through. Willing or not, conscripts went overseas for the battles of 1918.

Quebec absorbed a great and terrible lesson. When English Canada and French Canada fundamentally disagreed on a matter of profound significance, English Canada would force its will upon French Canada.

That brutal lesson ensured that conscription would remain a bitter issue long after the war was over. All through the twentieth century, the memory of conscription shaped French-English relations and Quebec-Canada relations. But in 2017 another lesson from 1917 also stands out.

Late in 1917, a federal election loomed. Prime Minister Borden knew Quebec was lost. But what of English Canada, where doubts about conscription and the war effort were very strong? To ensure victory, the government introduced special wartime election rules.

These new rules ensured that no women could vote — unless they served in the forces or had relatives in uniform. They allowed all soldiers to vote directly for the government — so the government could distribute those votes to any constituency it chose. Most shockingly, they removed the right to vote from masses of Canadians who had immigrated from "enemy countries," even as early as 1902.

Military historian Jack Granatstein has compared these measures to a "hobnailed boot." And the boot crushed the opposition. Conscription began. The war effort continued.

Borden was no tyrant. For future elections he established the chief electoral officer to ensure nonpartisan fairness. But in 1917 he judged the war effort was more important than free elections. Democracy had been suspended for the Great War for democracy.

In 2017, in a nearly perpetual war against terror, Canadians seek protection from a faceless enemy. And in this anniversary year a troubling question from 1917 looms: How much freedom should we sacrifice in the name of national security?

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of Canada's History.

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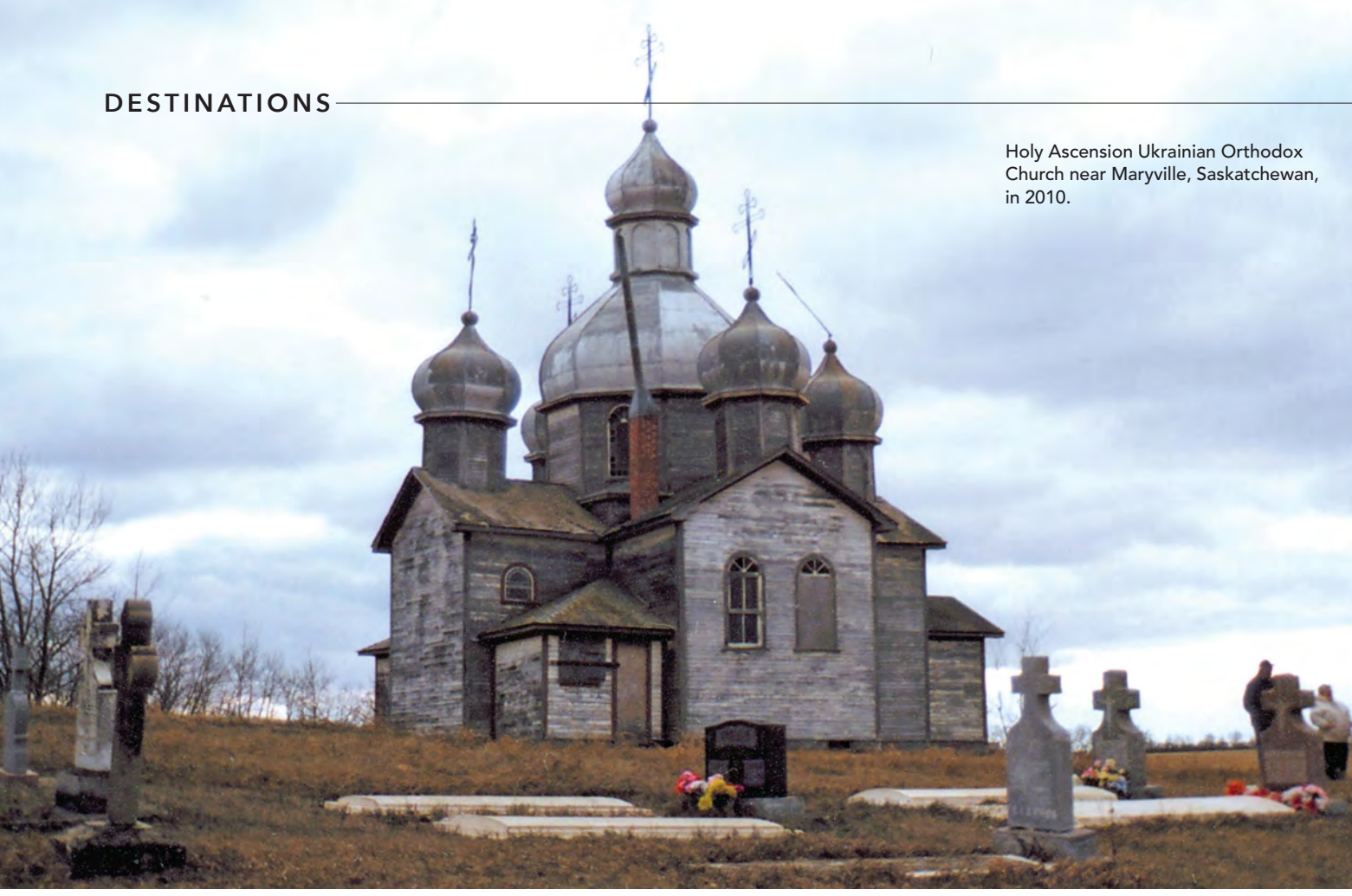


Holy Ascension Ukrainian Orthodox Church near Maryville, Saskatchewan, in 2010.

Prairie icons

The Ukrainian cemeteries found in out-of-the-way places in Western Canada provide a fascinating glimpse into Old World traditions.

by Bryan Demchinsky and Sterling Demchinsky

JOSEPH MARTSINKIW WAS AN ENERGETIC man of many talents. He was a farmer, harvest-gang boss, telephone lineman, and carpenter. He built his own house and barn and the barns of neighbours. More than half a century on, the barns are abandoned. But you can still seem them around Donwell, the hamlet in east central Saskatchewan where he farmed, and they still stand straight and true.

Martsinkiw, our maternal grandfather, also built the cross that marks the grave where his teenage son was buried, and many more for other people in the district. His crosses and those fashioned by other Ukrainian-Canadians are found in countless rural cemeteries across the Prairies, some neatly tended and still in use, others all but forgotten or lost.

The burial grounds and little churches next to them are testaments to the faith of the settlers and their devotion to the ancient traditions they carried with them from eastern Europe. But as the parishes of an older farming generation pass away, so does the heritage they bestowed on Canada.

Some rural parishes remain healthy, if diminished, and their churches are restored and are kept in good shape by the members. But many more are going or gone.

In the estimation of Ottawa-based ethnologist and historian Jennie Dutchak, this is "a tremendous loss, a chapter of Canadian history wiped out."

For Dutchak, the loss is personal. Her mother was on the parish executive for the small church where she was baptized near Buchanan, Saskatchewan, and she recalls seeing her father carrying the protocol books, one of which dated to the beginnings of the church in 1910. That memory led her to thirty years of writing and publishing on the subject of Ukrainian Prairie churches.

As the nineteenth century drew to a close, thousands of immigrants poured into Western Canada following, and sometimes preceding, the railways that were being laid down at a furious pace to receive them. By the time the First World War stemmed the tide, more than a hundred thousand eastern Europeans had created a band of settlement that stretched from southeastern Manitoba to northwestern Alberta. They were mostly Galicians, Bukovinians, and Austro-Hungarians, names that designated where they came from. For most of them, their common language was Ukrainian, and this came to define them as an ethnicity before there was a state called Ukraine.

The settlers were devout followers of both

STERLING DEMCHINSKY

Left: A marker at Rosthern, Saskatchewan. Right: Food is left on a grave at a 1940 *panakhyda* (memorial service) near Donwell, Saskatchewan.

STERLING DEMCHINSKY; DEMCHINSKY/MARTSINKIEW FAMILY COLLECTION

the Orthodox and Greek Catholic (later called Ukrainian Catholic) faith, but at first few priests followed them. That didn't stop the farmers from building churches, hoping perhaps to snag a priest from Winnipeg or to get a nearby Roman Catholic cleric to drop by to tend their spiritual needs.

The early arrivals were often illiterate. It meant that biblical teachings and even pre-Christian beliefs were transmitted orally and pictorially from generation to generation. The settlers relied on collective memory to raise churches and design their crosses, both those that adorned the cupolas and those in the cemeteries. The result was an exuberant and idiosyncratic outpouring of architectural and artistic forms drawn from distant Byzantine and Slavic traditions.

Consider a concrete cross found in the Holy Spirit Ukrainian cemetery near Rosthern, Saskatchewan, north of Saskatoon. The illustration of stalks of wheat found on one side of the marker recalls the parable of the sower, in which Christ teaches that seed falling on good soil brings a bountiful return. From pagan times wheat has been a powerful symbol of renewal in Slavic culture, and with Christianity it provided a religious lesson: The departed, planted in the rich soil of faith, attain resurrection. But for farmers it must surely also have expressed their yearning for abundant harvests in the harsh new land.

The flowers on the other side of the cross are probably poppies. The poppy traditionally symbolizes the great sleep of the grave before it is opened at the Second Coming. The stalk of wheat and the poppy are a frequent pairing, and both are often seen on Ukrainian Easter eggs.

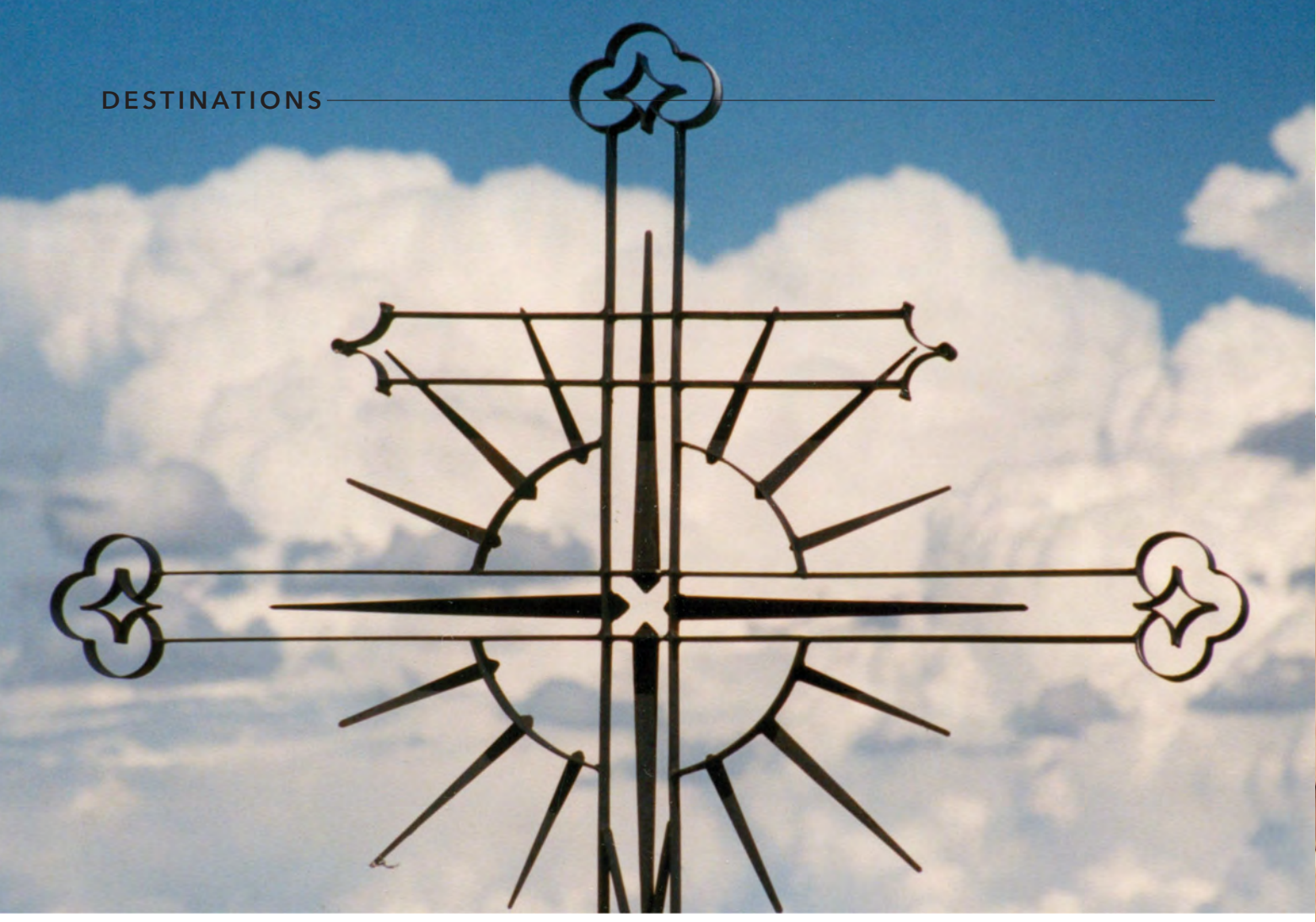
Lower down on the Rosthern cross is a skull and crossbones. Rarely found on grave markers, the skull represents Golgotha, the place of Jesus's crucifixion. Golgotha in translation means "the place of the skull." The marker also includes, in Cyrillic lettering, the "IC XC" acronym for Jesus Christ, words meaning "eternal memory," and information about the deceased.

A frequent image on Ukrainian cemetery crosses is what appears to be a star enclosed in a circle. It's actually the sun in the spring — the beginning of new life and another symbol of resurrection. Sometimes you see what looks like a potted plant on grave markers. It is the tree of life.

The three-bar cross is associated with the Orthodox Church and its Slavic followers, who include Ukrainians, Russians, Serbs, and Bulgarians. The top bar, usually smaller than the others, represents the slat of wood above Jesus's head, on which was written words meaning "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," in three languages. The lowest bar, usually slanted, represents the piece of wood to which Christ's feet were nailed. It is slanted because of the torturous nature of death by crucifixion. In the settler era, the three-bar cross appeared at both Ukrainian Catholic and Orthodox churches, but over time Catholic churches have adopted the Roman cross.

Yet another symbol bears a temporal message. On some grave markers, and especially on church-top crosses, the bars of the cross are placed above a crescent moon. This is said to represent the triumph of Christianity over Islam and dates from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when Christian Slavs frequently clashed with Muslim Tatars and Turks.

Crosses were initially made of wood, but farmers quickly turned to more durable materials such as concrete and iron. Con-



Above: An ornate example of a cross atop a church. Below: A Ukrainian Orthodox cemetery in Buchanan, Saskatchewan.

crete, poured into moulds, was the easiest to work with. And so it's not just Joe Martsinkiw's barns, but also his crosses — thanks to his moulds — that are seen in the Donwell area, even after some of the churches next to which they stood have disappeared.

Such was the fate of Holy Trinity Orthodox Church of America near Hampton, Saskatchewan, built in 1909 and razed a few years ago. Only the cemetery remains, and it contains the crosses Martsinkiw built for Prokop and Anna Nikota, his wife's parents. When we last visited several years ago, farmers still cut the grass leading to the cemetery, but the graveyard itself had become overgrown.

Even before the present era, many cemeteries were lost in fields and woods for various reasons, perhaps because a burial ground was created with the hope of adding a church that was never built. This happened with our paternal grandfather's grave, which lies with about a dozen others in a copse bordering a farmer's field near Amsterdam, Saskatchewan.

Jennie Dutchak laments the passing of the settler era: "First it was the schools, then it was the grain elevators, and now the churches, the icons of the Prairies. They're going the way of the dinosaurs. Soon we'll only see their pictures in museums."

For Father Ihor Okhrimtchouk, the former chair of the rural issues committee of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church of Canada, the future is not so gloomy. Like Dutchak he is in Ottawa; but also like her his heart is in the Prairies. He sees the chance for a revival of rural parishes by winning new converts.

"We must reach beyond the Ukrainian community to other groups — Natives, people in mixed marriages, non-Ukrainians," he says. "We should not neglect our beautiful traditions, but we must adjust the tools of the church."

BRYAN DEMCHINSKY

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Inspiring teaching

Teaching Award recipient ignites passion for learning.

by Janet Walker

In 2006, Her Excellency Michaëlle Jean presented a Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History to Calgary elementary school teacher Jennifer George. More than one hundred history teachers across Canada have received this honour for inspiring students to explore Canada's history through community engagement projects.

It was June 2016 and the last day of high school. As Spencer Stevens left the grounds of Prince of Wales School in Calgary, he knew that he had reached an important milestone and felt compelled to share the news of his journey with his Grade 1 teacher.

He had lost touch with Mrs. George over the years but carried vivid memories of a class project where he and his Grade 1 peers had uncovered the stories of Alberta's grain elevators.

Jennifer George had shared with her young students a story from her own childhood. She told them of an experience she had, sitting with her dad across the street from the old Midnapore, Alberta, grain elevator as it fell to the ground. This seminal event inspired the class to embark on a project to save Alberta's vanishing grain elevators.

In the spring of 2005, Spencer and his friend Colby represented their peers at a conference of the Alberta Grain Elevator Society in Stettler, Alberta. The students had created "Action Plan" display boards and erected a 2.5-metre-tall cardboard grain elevator.

"This was my first opportunity to see how history affects the lives of individuals," Spencer recalls.

More than eighty elevator enthusiasts looked to the stage with renewed faith as the pair read the class story and shared dreams of preserving the legacy of the grain elevator for future generations. Men and women who had built their lives on the family farm knew that elevators were more than industrial buildings where farmers could sell their harvest. They were an essential link between people and places, and an anchor of rural communities. The children had delivered a powerful message of hope. There wasn't a dry eye in the place.

In the second year of their study, George had her students create a timeline of the rise and fall of grain elevators. Stories stretched the length of her classroom, with space on either end to explore what had happened before and after. The timeline stretched into a circle and then an oval, accommodating the accounting of time as new details surfaced. The students helped to arrange field studies to museums and enlisted elders to gain a fuller story. From listening to the rich oral histories of the Treaty 7 Nations to writing letters, making exhibits, and setting up a tipi, they learned how the arrival of the train changed Canada's West forever.

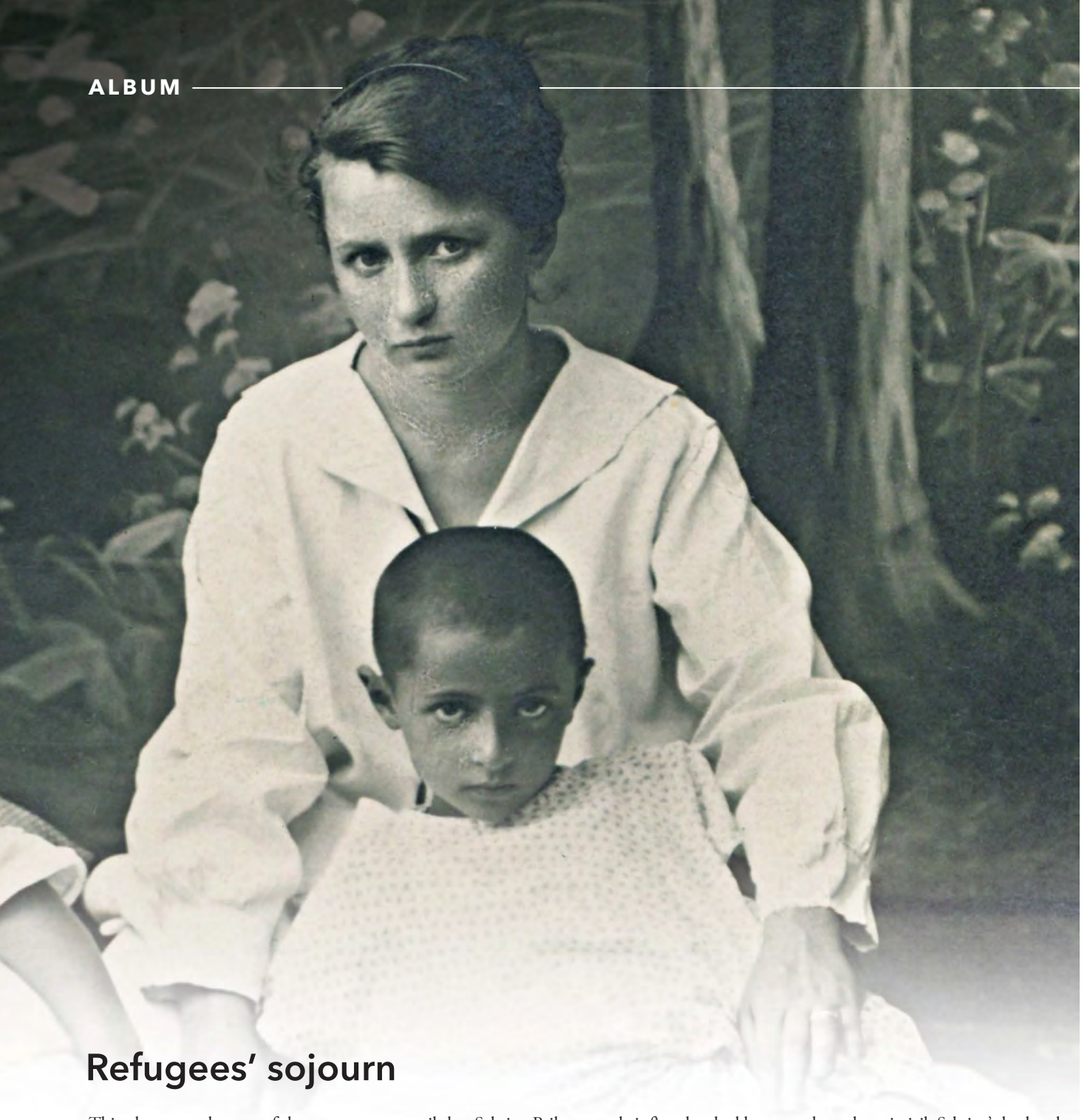
The process of inquiry took George's students from a space of "notions" into a new space of knowing about history. Dubbed "The Elevator Kids," these young minds deepened their understanding about the past through fact gathering as well as through historical thinking, enabling them to interpret and to analyze information to gain a deeper understanding.

Teacher Jennifer George and her then-student, Spencer Stevens, in 2005 (top photo), and in 2016 (above).

Years later, Spencer reconnected with George to thank her for her role in inspiring him to learn. They talked together for a long time. "We can't let history be history," he said. "We must keep it alive, or we will never learn." Today a member of the Canadian Armed Forces Reserves, the university freshman hopes to major in political science and minor in history.

Janet Walker is the President & CEO of Canada's History Society.

COURTESY JENNIFER GEORGE



Refugees' sojourn

This photo reveals none of the trauma or turmoil that Sabrina Brik and her daughter, Miriam, have already experienced as they await an uncertain future in a Jewish refugee camp in Kishiniv, Romania. It is 1920, and their flight from Ukraine has been accomplished via horse-drawn cart and river ferry. Miriam's head has been shaved to prevent lice or to stop infection.

Sabrina, fair and blue-eyed, was allowed to sit beside the cart driver, but five-year-old Miriam, dark-haired and dusky, was hidden under a tarpaulin. It was their second attempt to escape revolution-torn Russia; on their first they had been caught and put in jail. Sabrina's husband, Joseph, had been killed as a conscript in the Russian Army in 1916.

For the next three years, Sabrina, known as Shifra, eked out a hand-to-mouth existence in Romania. Their fortunes turned when the Jewish Immigration Society arranged an exit permit allowing them to leave for Canada. The S.S. *Madonna* docked in Halifax on May 29, 1924.

Submitted by Ron Kaplansky of Toronto, son of Miriam, later Mucie (Brik) Kaplansky. To read more about Sabrina and Miriam visit CanadasHistory.ca/Album.

Do you have a photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If so, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your photo to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Please provide a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. Photos may be cropped or adjusted as necessary for presentation in the magazine. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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L'importance de comprendre notre propre identité par le truchement de l'histoire est au cœur de la philosophie de la Société Histoire Canada. Le travail de la Société, fondée en 1994 grâce au généreux soutien de la Fondation d'histoire de la Compagnie de la baie d'Hudson, consiste à faire connaître le passé diversifié de notre pays et à l'ancrer dans le contexte actuel, mais également à mettre en valeur les gens, les lieux et les événements qui nous unissent en tant que Canadiens.

La Société offre notamment aux Canadiens le magazine *Histoire Canada*, le magazine *Kayak, Navigue dans l'histoire du Canada*, le site HistoireCanada.ca et les Prix d'histoire du Gouverneur général.

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